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# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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*It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained; (2) that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations; (3) that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's; (4) that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor, AMERICA.*

### CHRONICLE

**The War.**—The main interest in the great conflict has shifted back to the eastern theatre, which is again the scene of very desperate fighting; and the lull which recently characterized the situation in

*Bulletin, Nov. 17, p. m.—Nov. 24, a. m.* Poland is now the chief feature of the situation in France and Belgium.

For many weeks the progress of the armies in the west from the North Sea to Switzerland has been extremely slow; so slow, in fact, that readers of headlines in the newspapers are no longer deceived, but have come to realize that the terms "notable successes" and "satisfactory progress" signify very small distances. In both Berlin and Paris considerable elation is felt if it can be recorded that the Germans or Allies have been able to push onward at any point as much as a mile in a week, or even less. This, however, has not meant that the fighting had become either less determined or more desultory. The contrary was true, and the lists of casualties indicated that the struggle was

*Comparative Quiet in the West* without parallel for bitterness, courage, and loss of life. Night

and day it continued with terrifically destructive energy. An example in point is five massed attacks made by the Germans south of Verdun within

the space of two hours. A marked change has been noted, however, especially in the north, during the week. In some places the rival trenches are incredibly close to each other, so that the rifles are not more than a few hundred feet apart; under such circumstances artillery fire has become impossible, as it would prove as dangerous to friends as to foes. Then, too, the winter has settled down on France and Belgium; the fields, which have been flooded, freeze by night and melt during the day, with the result that the soldiers at times are deep in mud; add to this that snow has fallen over the fighting area; and it is no wonder that there has resulted a very perceptible weakening both in the frequency and fierceness of the attacks. Another reason has had a very important share in the partial cessation of active operations. The Germans, who have all along been maintaining a strong offensive against the Belgians, French and British, have found themselves obliged to transfer large bodies of troops from France to Poland. It meant a sacrifice to do so, but the prospect of a Russian invasion was so imminent that it had to be averted at any cost. Judging, therefore, from the fact that the unflagging violence that formerly characterized the German movements against the Allies has almost ceased, it is safe to say that, for the present, the Kaiser is concentrating his attention mainly on Poland, and that for some time to come he will be content to hold his own without endeavoring to push forward against Calais. In the west, therefore, the position of the armies, with the exception of some unimportant changes in the vicinity of Verdun, is about the same as it was a week ago; but the general situation has undergone a very important modification in this sense that for the first time in many weeks there is comparative quiet throughout the long battle line.

In the east events are transpiring with bewildering and kaleidoscopic rapidity. The German retreat, which is claimed at Berlin to have been mainly strategic and to

have been no less brilliant than the retirement that won such praise for the British, after having covered nearly one hundred miles and reached almost to the Silesian border, has come to an end; and close upon it has followed another advance into the heart of Poland. The excellent railroad system at the disposal of the Germans has enabled them to bring up such reinforcements that they have been able to drive the Russians down from Soldau and Lipno to Plock, and up from Kutno to Gombin. A great battle is now in progress between Lodz and Lowicz, and on its outcome much depends. Should it prove successful for the Germans, they can again march on Warsaw, which even now is only forty miles from the point of their furthest advance, or they can turn to the north and so relieve the pressure in East Prussia, or bend south and so join the Austrians in the region about Cracow. The Russians report that they have checked the German army that has been trying to pierce their centre, and that they are continuing their advance in both East Prussia and Galicia. It would seem, however, that their movements in both these territories have been seriously hampered by the necessity of strengthening their centre, for in both places their advance appears to have been somewhat arrested. In Galicia, however, their victorious march on the stronghold of Cracow has not been altogether halted, and in spite of the resumption of a very vigorous offensive on the part of the Austrians they are reported to have crossed the Rava and to have occupied Wieliczka. In southwestern Poland the Austrians are acting in union with the Germans, and are making a strong movement against the Russians from Cracow to Czenstochowa, but so far are said to have been held at bay. It is impossible, however, on account of contradictory reports, to determine exactly the positions of the two Russian armies that were marching on Cracow; but it looks as though the army that was advancing along the Vistula in southern Poland has been forced to fall back; and that the other army which has been sweeping through central Galicia has been so weakened by reinforcements taken from it and sent to the army threatened at the centre, that it is now merely marking time and awaiting the issue of the important battle that is taking place west of Warsaw.

Meanwhile, Austria is prosecuting the war against Serbia with renewed vigor, and it seems that the Balkan State is seriously alarmed, although still quite confident of ultimate success. Austria has concentrated large armies fifty miles within Servian territory, apparently with the purpose of cutting off Belgrade, isolating it, and compelling its surrender. Serbia is making desperate efforts to raise sufficient troops to repulse the new invasion, but has been so weakened by the almost con-

tinuous fighting of two years that she is finding it hard to do so. No one, however, and least of all Austria, is inclined to doubt her courage and endurance. It is said that active measures are being taken to induce Roumania and Bulgaria to go to her assistance, on the plea that her defeat would put a definite end to the aspirations of all the smaller Slavic States; but there are no present indications that they will agree to this. The change in the tide of war which is now favoring Germany and Austria makes such a move extremely unlikely.

The campaign against Turkey is not being pushed forward on a large scale. A naval engagement in the Black Sea between the Turkish and Russian fleets is claimed by both sides as a victory. Operations still continue in the vicinity of Erzerum, but have been impeded by the state of the country, which has been rendered more than usually difficult by bad weather. Berlin reports that Turkish troops in Egypt have advanced ninety miles and are now in close proximity to the Suez Canal. The anxiety that was felt for a while in the United States over the outcome of the firing of shots at Smyrna in the direction of the launch of the American cruiser Tennessee has been allayed. Turkey's explanation that they meant nothing more than a warning not to enter a closed mined harbor appears to have been accepted as satisfactory, and the incident seems to be closed.

**Australia.**—The General Election resulted in a victory for the Labor Party. The Liberals having held office for fourteen months by the casting vote of the Speaker in the House of Repre-

**General Election** sentatives and failed in all their measures, induced Governor-General Ferguson to dissolve both houses on the outbreak of the war, and appealed to the electors on the ground that the election of the Laborites would be a vote of censure on the war policy and an approval of separation from England. The six States of the Commonwealth return six Senators each, and the franchise for these and the Representatives are the same, every male and female of twenty-one years and upward having one vote. Registration is compulsory but voting is free. Of the thirty-six Senators elected the Labor Party secured thirty-one. The figures for the House of Representatives are not at hand, but the Laborite majority is overwhelming. Mr. Fisher, who again heads the Labor Cabinet, has announced a policy of Australian nationalism, equality of individual rights, a higher tariff on foreign goods in protection of native industries, and a referendum for amendments to the constitution that will facilitate the suppression of monopolies and the nationalization of public utilities. Australia is struggling with her national problem in a spirit of confidence.

**Austria-Hungary.**—The following questions have been asked by a Swiss paper, the *Schweitzerische*



*Kirchenzeitung*, in connection with the great Russian invasion:

**The Russian Peril**

Shall Russian culture win a mighty influence in middle Europe? Shall the Balkan States be delivered over to it? Shall its streets be built through Turkey to the Adriatic? Shall the Russian army crush Austria-Hungary and the Russian giant loom up even more enormous? Shall the Orthodox Church, under the power of the Czar, open everywhere a war of violence against the Catholic Church? Shall the Russian cross be planted on Santa Sophia and beneath it the Russian tyranny be inaugurated?

The paper believes that the Russian supremacy would be far more dangerous to our Catholic missions than the Turkish, and concludes by saying that the Austro-German armies have entrusted to them, at present, one of the most important religious and cultural tasks in the history of the world.

**France.**—"What the world owes Belgium none know better than the French," said M. Galli, president of the City Council in an address at Paris. The fête-day of the

**The Fete-Day of King Albert**

King of Belgium, November 15, was observed throughout France, but particularly at Paris. President Poincaré, together with the Municipal Council of Paris and the authorities of every important town in France, sent messages to the King, expressing France's admiration for the heroism displayed by the Belgians and their king in the operations in Belgium. At Paris thousands visited the Champs Elysées where a bust of King Albert has been erected, and contributed to the fund for the relief of the Belgian sufferers. In the morning great crowds assembled to attend the solemn Mass celebrated in the Belgian church in the rue de Charonne. It is said that before the war more than twenty thousand Belgian wood-carvers were settled in this district. In the afternoon a second religious service was held in Notre Dame, in the presence of Cardinal Amette and a large gathering of Belgian refugees. The wounded in the hospitals were visited during the day, and in many private residences Belgians were made the guests of honor. Never before, in all probability, has Paris thus celebrated the fête-day of a foreign potentate.

**Germany.**—Of late so much has been said by enemies of Germany about certain books which are described as representing the spirit of German militarism, that it is

**A Catholic Protest**

important to hear the other side of the argument. In regard to this, a Bonn University professor writes that German Catholics would never have given their consent to a policy of conquest and world power. German Catholics, he says, have rather been censured for being too international in their views of Catholicism than ultra-national. He then continues:

If, nevertheless, with fullest conviction of the justice of our cause, we have unreservedly dedicated ourselves to the resolution adopted by the Emperor, to draw our sword for the protection

and honor of our land, it may be taken as an argument that the war has not been originated by greed for power, clearly irreconcilable with Catholic principles, but has been forced upon us.

German Catholics everywhere protest against the injustice of a press which, forgetting English navalism, would put down German militarism. The latter, they argue, is necessary for the national protection of Germany against foes which overwhelmingly outnumber it, while the former openly boasts of controlling the sea, which belongs to no nation. The expenses of the English army and navy, according to the figures quoted, have been far greater per head of the population than those of Germany. The protest further remarks that Germany does not hold the monopoly in atheism.

The German acting Secretary of State, at the direct order of the Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, has given an important official reply to the questions of

**A Friend of Ireland**

the Irish leader, Sir Roger Casement. It had been pointed out by Sir Roger that rumors were spread in his country that a German victory would imply danger to Ireland. This accusation has now been officially denied. Germany, it was stated, would never overthrow any of the institutions of Ireland. Should fortune ever bring German troops to the shores of Ireland they would come, not as an army of invaders, but as a nation inspired by good will.

**Great Britain.**—Although the Government has announced, on more than one occasion, that no danger is to be feared from aliens in England, public apprehension

**Aliens Again**

refuses to be downed. At present nearly fifteen thousand foreigners have been interned, but in a statement made to Parliament by Home Secretary McKenna, about twenty-nine thousand are still at large. In the opinion of many members of Parliament, the authorities have been "complacent, almost frivolous," in dealing with the question. They believe that spies have been active along the coast, and that there are spies among the Belgian refugees, and even among those who present themselves as recruits. The *Times* thinks that these statements are overdrawn, but according to the *Daily Express*, the spy is able to do very serviceable work because it is nobody's duty to deal with him. "Three Government Departments are concerned, the War Office, the Home Office and the Admiralty, and the result is inaction, hesitation and all manner of mischief. There should be a committee of safety directly responsible to Parliament and to the people."

On November 16, Premier Asquith made the greatest single demand in history upon the material resources of Great Britain, when he moved an additional war credit

**The New War Credit**

of one billion, one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. This will mean an increase of about fifty per cent. in the national debt. The Premier admitted that,

up to the present, the war had cost the country about five million dollars a day. Speaking for the Unionist members in Parliament, Mr. Walter Long congratulated the Premier on the evident determination of the Government to leave nothing undone to carry the war to a successful issue. The Government could count upon the widest latitude and an absolutely free hand as long as the country was satisfied that the war would be prosecuted with vigor and determination. This statement undoubtedly expresses the temper of the English people, and indicates that no overtures for peace would at present be considered.

**Ireland.**—After more than two months of protests and demands from Cardinal Logue and the Irish Bishops and repeated representations from Cardinal Bourne, from the

*Catholic Chaplains  
and Recruiting*

editor of the *Irish Catholic*, and from many Catholic bodies, the War Office, which obstinately denied the necessity or feasibility of increasing the number of Catholic chaplains in the army, has at length agreed to appoint "a number of Catholic chaplains at the front which ought to be sufficient for all needs." It is not yet clear that the number to be appointed is adequate or that Irish chaplains will be appointed to Irish regiments and be placed on the fighting line as demanded by the Irish episcopate. The War Office intimates that there is no place for chaplains in the trenches, but the Irish priests who have submitted their names to Cardinal Logue declare that they are ready to go into the trenches or wherever else Catholic soldiers are in danger. The *Irish Catholic* is not satisfied that the War Office has met the demands in good faith, and declines to recommend recruiting until the position is made clear. The refusal of the War Office to sanction an Irish Army Corps as distinguished from the Carsonist forces, which it approved, and to permit special colors for Irish regiments, together with the sight of the returned remnants of the Irish troops, wounded and disabled, have also discouraged recruiting. The *London Times* recommends that the Government assist Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign by suppressing and prosecuting the Irish papers that oppose enlistment. Individuals have been prosecuted for circulating such papers as *Irish Freedom* and for expressing anti-British and pro-German sympathies. The Irish National League of America has found sentiment here so much at variance with Mr. Redmond's on the recruiting question that it has postponed its annual meeting indefinitely.

**Mexico.**—Unhappy Mexico is still in agony. During the week two other factions were spawned and began forthwith to use their tentacles. How long the demon will reign supreme in the land beyond the Rio Grande, it is hard to say. At present Villa is triumphant, and will probably remain so. The Church is faring no better than formerly. Five priests were executed re-

cently, and now that the ranks of bishops, priests and Sisters are well decimated, the attention of the bandits is turned to looting, with renewed vigor. They have raised a laugh throughout the world by declaring that they intend to put the stolen treasures in a national museum. This is almost as clumsy as their numerous indictments of honorable men for the murder of Madero. The press of November 17, that is, the part of it which is not engaged in concealing the truth, announced that Henry Lane Wilson and Francisco de la Barra were indicted for complicity in the crime. This is a pitiable commentary on Carranza. The following statements added to those made last week and the week before will give some idea of the temper of the liberators. The first statement was made before two witnesses; the others were made under oath:

*First Affidavit*

In the month of May a band of Carranzistas, headed by . . . attacked the property called San Manuel. This ranch belongs to a Spanish priest, Tomas de la Peña y Pereda, who resides in the city of Puebla. He had placed in charge of his property two nephews, of the same name as himself, young men, 23 and 25 years of age respectively; the elder of these was married. The assailants looted the place, seized the young men, and, after telling them that one was to be a mirror for the other, they proceeded to pull forward the tongue of one and to cut it out. The same was done to the other; then they cut off the ears of both and proceeded to gouge out their eyes. After this they placed their victims on a table and, having poured oil over them, set them on fire. The wife of one of the victims was driven mad by witnessing these atrocities. The priest, Peña y Pereda, filed a complaint with the Spanish consul at Puebla, the Spanish Ambassador to Mexico, and also with the authorities of the State of Tlaxacala.

*Second Affidavit*

She declares that when passing through Irapurto she asked to receive Holy Communion, but was refused because the priest was threatened with death if he should administer the Sacraments. She affirms that she saw in S. Juan del Rio how they made a crucifix fall to the ground by shooting at it; they also took a statue of St. Joseph and feigned they shot it dead. Moreover, she saw the tabernacle of their convent shot at till it was torn to pieces, and the men then took out the ciborium, casting the hosts on the floor. In a place called Santa Rosa, where there was exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the soldiers shot at the Blessed Sacrament and gave the Sacred Hosts to the horses to eat. . . .

*Third Affidavit*

She declares, furthermore, that she has seen with her own eyes over 20 Sisters kept in some hospitals, as for instance, . . . who had been violated. . . .

*Fourth Affidavit*

Lastly, on my way from Aguascalientes to Mexico City, I met seven Sisters, who asked me for a maternity house, and although they tried to conceal the fact of their being religious, I knew them from their manner of speaking. They told me how they escaped from the . . . where the Zapatistas had held them. I made every effort to console them, but they were inconsolable, saying that they were already damned and abandoned by God. . . .

And so this miserable story, given under oath, runs on, and will run on as long as the Editor of AMERICA has authentic matter to publish.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## Religious Conditions in the Philippines

THE Catholic priest laboring in the Philippines hears ringing in his ears, and with constantly increasing insistence, the words of Jeremias, "How is the gold become dim, the color is changed, the stones of the sanctuary are scattered." These words are not, indeed, literally true of our Islands, and yet the religious conditions which obtain in them to-day are such that the sad state described by the prophet is looming up as a thing of a not distant future. The magnificent splendor of Catholic worship, that was so marked even at so late a date as the American occupation, is yielding at least in the provinces to a deplorable indifference. "There are none that come to the solemn feast," and in many pueblos the holy sacrifice of the Mass is wholly neglected. This is not true of Manila or of Vigan or of certain other towns; but it is widespread enough to make one realize that the general attitude toward religion of the people of the Philippines is one of growing apathy.

The first and the chief cause of this lamentable state of affairs is the lack of priests. Towns of 40,000 souls such as Laoag, Ilocos Norte, for many years had but one priest, others with from 7,000 to 20,000 souls even now have only one. As a consequence the present generation has grown up almost uninstructed in Catholic doctrine and practice. What has increased the difficulty has been the advanced age of many of the priests which has incapacitated them from almost everything except saying Mass and administering the last sacraments. Confessions and Communion have therefore been extremely rare, and sermons and instructions have been restricted to such occasions as brought together three or four priests. Other towns have been more fortunate in possessing young and active priests. Unfortunately, however, they have not had the training to enable them to cope with the changed conditions arising out of the separation of Church and State, and are unable adequately to deal with the present situation or to safeguard their parishioners against their present dangers. There is a third class of priests who are really grappling with the existing problem. In their flocks there is no evidence of loss of fervor; it must be admitted, however, that they are by no means numerous.

Among the Filipinos there is a second cause at work, which is producing not only religious indifference, but is striking even deeper, and is spreading downright infidelity; it finds its chief promoters in the activity of the American Protestant ministers. Making the large towns their headquarters, they gather round them and indoctrinate with Protestant ideas, and principally with hatred for Catholics, a number of ignorant young men and women; and then send them forth through the smaller towns and distant barrios. Some of the Christian Mis-

sion ministers are very violent in their methods. When the people are celebrating their great religious feasts, such as Good Friday, Christmas, and the various town-feasts, the ministers and their emissaries gather in the Plaza and vomit forth calumnious and blasphemous attacks on everything that a Catholic holds dear. The Methodists are operating along quieter lines, but like the others make it their chief endeavor not to implant the principles of the Gospel but to uproot the Catholic faith from the hearts of the people. All alike employ the press as their most powerful instrument of perversion. The provinces are simply inundated with anti-Catholic literature of every kind. During the past year they have added another means of sowing their poison, namely, the cinematograph. The tickets of admission which are distributed free and have to be shown to procure entrance to the entertainments are Bibles and Gospels. In spite of all this, however, after ten years of labor they have had very little success, notably in Ilocos Sur; but it is nothing short of a miracle of God's grace that the Faith should still be so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Filipinos notwithstanding the lack of priests and the activity of American ministers. It needs but a zealous priest to make it burst forth in all the beauty of its former splendor.

Perhaps the greatest factor in the propaganda of indifference and neglect of religion is the public school. In Spanish times there was a public school in every town, the parish priest was its principal, and in it he taught catechism; under the present régime it is forbidden by law to teach religion in the school. As a consequence 400,000 children who, according to the old system, would be receiving during school hours regular and graduated instruction in matters of religion, are now growing up in absolute ignorance of the fundamental doctrines of the Faith. Some of them seem to think that attendance at the public school dispenses them from all Catholic obligations. Witness the answer of a little lad of nine, who was asked by one of the Mill Hill Fathers if he went to Mass on Sunday. "Oh no," he said, "I go to the public school."

In another way, though in direct violation of the express order of the Bureau of Education, the public school is destructive of the Catholic religion. American teachers who are generally non-Catholic, and are frequently without religious beliefs of any kind, make statements in the classroom that are directly opposed to Catholic doctrine. For eight years I have been collecting statements of this kind that have been made in the Vigan High School. Of ten such statements made by a single professor of history last year I give one example. "There is no hell," he said, "we do not know anything of the future life." Not content with asserting this, the teacher proceeded to ask Catholic boys if they believed in hell; and they, either through timidity or through fear of incurring his ill-will, replied that they did not. Even where teachers do not knowingly violate the law, they often, through their

ignorance of religious truth, give instruction that is in direct opposition to the tenets of Catholicism. It is obviously impossible to remedy this state of affairs, for even if the bureau should investigate the matter, a simple denial by the teacher is sufficient to offset the charge of the pupil. Timidity, too, will often close the lips of the child. Another phase of the destructive influence of the school system is the respect in which the Filipino is accustomed to hold the teacher. From olden days the *Maestro* has held second place in the community only to the *Padre*. His word is law, his example a beacon light. When, therefore, the children see that the *Maestro* never enters the church, their own sense of the importance of this obligation promptly diminishes. If in addition to this negative influence, the teacher directly throws the weight of his influence against the Catholic faith, the work of evil is completed. This particular aspect of the danger is growing from the fact that the number of Filipino teachers is steadily increasing, and that the Filipino boy or girl who becomes a Protestant is as a rule strongly anti-Catholic.

Certainly the religious future of the Philippines does not look bright, and the priest has much reason to be discouraged. And yet there is hope. When the Church has recovered from the sudden and severe blow it received in the change of government, and has adapted itself to changed conditions, it may flourish as gloriously as it does in the United States. Signs of new life are already making themselves manifest. I instance the towns of San Vicente, Bantay, Narvacan and Santiago, all of the province of Vigan. In the province of Pangasinan, 60,000 confirmations were administered within six weeks by Bishop Hurth, the seminaries are giving the young aspirants to the priesthood special training to fit them for their difficult work, and flourishing catechism classes are being established. Unexpected circumstances have brought about a temporary stagnation in the Church of the Philippines; but history will repeat itself, and let us hope that a zealous clergy, animated by the love of Christ will restore and intensify the glory of the old religion, "ever ancient but ever new."

JOHN THOMPSON, S.J.  
Missionary Priest of Vigan.

### The Wise Householder

IT is untrue that social science is a new study, an error which the Church has repeatedly been called upon to refute. Modern social work, as Catholic sociologists are well aware, is only fragmentary, experimental and exceedingly defective compared with the results achieved by the Church in past ages when her activity was unhampered. These facts are of vital consequence, since they determine our entire attitude toward the social and economic sciences of our day.

In its utterances upon the social question the Holy See has, therefore, repeatedly stressed this important point.

Pope Leo XIII, whose encyclical upon labor has been the most scientific and adequate social document of modern times, strongly insists upon the same truth. It will suffice, however, to confine ourselves here to the social pronouncements of his successor, Pope Pius X. In his letter addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of France, dated August 25, 1910, he lays down the following injunction regarding priests who were thenceforth to be set aside and schooled for the direction of Catholic social work:

Let them grasp thoroughly the fact that the social question and social science were not created yesterday, that from all time Church and State, working together happily, have raised to this end fruitful organizations. The Church, which has never betrayed the well-being of the people by compromising alliances, has no need to cut itself off from the past. It will be enough to take up again, with the help of true workers for social restoration, the organisms broken by the Revolution, and to adapt them to the new situation created by the material evolution of contemporary society in the same Christian spirit which of old inspired them: for the true friends of the people are neither revolutionists nor innovators, but traditionalists.

These words at once indicate the importance and the far-reaching consequences of the Catholic point of view. Social science is as old as the precepts and the teachings of the Gospel.

Upon closer scrutiny the prudent direction of the Holy See will be found in full accord with all the truest conclusions of the sociology even of our day. After more than three centuries of social confusion, brought about by defection from the Church, the world is gradually coming back to what it rejected, the Catholic idea of co-operation and social solidarity. Modern sociologists and economists have hitherto only vaguely grasped this great thought which inspired all the social work of the Church. They have been groping blindly in their labyrinth, for they have lost the thread which would have safely guided them to the light of day. Even now they are more in need of spiritual than of social guides—of that religion of Christ to which the world must return if its social labors are ever to be truly and lastingly effective. Socialism has attracted the minds of thinking men mainly in as far as it has caught something of the primal Catholic social ideal. Unfortunately, it has caught only broken fragments and has led men astray by many a wandering will-o'-the-wisp that beckoned them to their destruction. Apart from Socialism, social science itself has at times been transfigured by a light whose source it did not know. Even the most extreme of all schools, excepting anarchism alone, has based the entire system of syndicalism upon a partial understanding of the Catholic social principle. True its idea of brotherhood is limited to one class of men, while the one bond of all human brotherhood, the Fatherhood of God, is inconsistently rejected. Small wonder that love gives place to hatred! Closest of all to the true idea of the Church are the secular organizations of laborers and employers which still stand



aloof from the extremes of radicalism and individualism. Yet even here we are far removed from the ideal solidarity of Christian society preached by the Church.

Catholics, therefore, have the only solution for the social problems. It is their social traditionalism which has now become their glory and their power. This fact, therefore, must be firmly grasped by every one, whether engaged in social work or not. It is our message to the men of our generation, as it will be the Church's message to the men of every future generation as well. The reason is plain. Our fundamental social principles are based solely on the Gospel and on Christianity. We may be able to interpret them more perfectly at one time than at another, we may succeed in applying them more adequately to the social and economic conditions of one age than of another, yet we can never change them. They are the expression of the laws of human nature and of divine faith.

It must not, however, be thought that any obstacle is ever placed by the Church to the complete development of all that is good and true in the social and economic wisdom of any period. The possession of truth aids and does not hamper the most perfect activity of the human intellect. There is no limit to progress in Catholicism. Its restrictions are only guideposts that point out the directest, safest and unfailing way. Where others wander about in confusion, the Catholic, if he will but follow the guidance of his Church, is set at once upon the path that leads to Christ, and therefore to all ultimate truth and perfection. We quote once more from the direction of Pope Pius X to the Catholic episcopate of France:

No, Venerable Brethren, there is need of declaring with energy, in these days of social and intellectual anarchy, when every man poses as a doctor or a legislator, that the city can not be built except as God has built it, that society can not be constituted unless the Church lays the foundation stone and directs the work. No, there is no new civilization to be invented, no new city to be built in the clouds. The work has been done; it exists. The only need is to restore it without ceasing, and to instal it on its natural and divine foundations, against the perpetually recurring attacks of an unhealthy utopia, of revolt and impiety: to renew all things in Christ.

Here, therefore, is our glorious program of Catholic social traditionalism. It is the living conservatism of essential truth, and not the dead stagnation so often and so gratuitously ascribed to us. To set aside doubt upon this crucial point it is necessary once more to quote at some length from the social pronouncements of the same Pope. We shall use for this purpose his letter addressed to the Bishops of Italy on June 11, 1905. It admirably illustrates the constant progressiveness of Catholicism and its adaptability to all times and all circumstances. Yet it no less clearly affirms anew the immutability of all essential Catholic principles, unchangeable only because they are based upon truth and the will of God. He thus writes:

And here it must at once be observed that it is impossible at the present day to reestablish in the same form all the institutions which may have been useful, and were even the

only efficient ones in past centuries, so numerous are the radical modifications which time has brought to society and life, and so many are the fresh needs which changing circumstances cease not to call forth. But the Church throughout her long history, has always and on every occasion luminously shown that she possesses a wonderful power of adaptation to the varying conditions of civil society; without injury to the integrity or immutability of faith or morals. Always safeguarding her sacred rights, she easily bends and adapts herself in all that is contingent and accidental, to the vicissitudes of time and the fresh needs of society. . . . Catholic action, while suitably varying its outward forms and methods, remains ever the same in the principles which guide it and in the very noble end at which it aims.

Here surely there is ample latitude for the Catholic social worker. Two things only are required of him. The first is a thorough understanding of the true Catholic social work of the past and the determination never to deviate from the spirit which animated it. The second is the proper adaptation of Catholic principles to actual social needs. For this purpose, as the Holy Father writes: "Catholic action ought also to be invigorated by all the practical methods furnished at the present day, by progress in social and economic studies, by experience already gained elsewhere, by the condition of civil society, and even by the public life of State." Such, therefore, is the vital, progressive social traditionalism of the Catholic Church. It is in brief, nothing else than sound reason and the best experiences of past centuries wisely applied, for the love of God and in the light of Faith, to the ever-changing social problems of our age. Thus the Church, like the householder of the Gospel, ever bringeth forth from her treasury "things new and old."

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

### The Young Man and Building\*

THE building business offers a good opportunity for the young man of the right calibre, but to be successful he must be properly trained, either by a course in a good technical school, or by work for a few years in an architect's office where he can acquire a thorough knowledge of plans and details. This should be supplemented by a course with some good building firm, where he can have a chance to acquaint himself thoroughly with the structural part of the work. This is the most important part of his training, for it takes some years of experience to fit him for a position where he will be responsible for the erection of a building.

The tendency of to-day in this country is toward specialization in all the various sub-divisions of a work, and this creates a number of opportunities for young men to equip themselves to take charge of these departments. Putting up a building at the present time means dividing the work among sixteen or eighteen kinds of artisans, namely: stonemasons, bricklayers, concrete-workers, carpenters, painters, plumbers, metal-workers, structural

\*The twenty-first of a series of vocational articles.

steelworkers, ornamental iron-workers, stair-builders, electricians, steamfitters, marble-workers, mosaic-workers, etc., and there are opportunities in each of these for young men who are willing to work.

The young man who expects to succeed in reaching a position where he can take charge of a building must have a fairly good knowledge of all the sub-divisions, but he should be especially strong in those that have to do with the structural features of the building. Many of the accidents occurring nowadays, owing to the collapse of partly-erected buildings, are due to the incompetency of the person in charge of the work. It is absolutely necessary that the responsible overseer should be able to detect any weakness of construction in the plans, so that he can call attention to it before the work is installed and have the defect remedied. In order to do this he should know enough about engineering to be familiar with the strains of the various kinds of material that are used in putting up a building.

The writer believes that the best way for a young man to fit himself for any business is to enter it early and grow up in it. No amount of schooling or technical training can take the place of actual experience in the industry itself, though both are necessary. The public schools of this country have spent a great deal of money in their manual training and mechanic arts schools with a view of directing boys toward some of the mechanical pursuits, but if the results elsewhere have been like those experienced in Boston, the outlay has not been warranted. A former president of one of our best technical colleges said that he would rather have the graduates from the regular high schools than from the vocational schools, for the shop training the young men received was of no special value and could not make up for the loss of the academic studies.

The Mechanic Arts School of Boston thus far has been unsuccessful in directing its graduates toward the building trades, though this year the curriculum has been so changed that now efforts will be made to direct boys toward some of the mechanical pursuits. Few of the graduates from that school of late years were found entering the building trades. Instead, they sought employment driving teams, running elevators or clerking in stores, though in such occupations the chance of advancement is very meagre, the wages low and the working hours long. In these respects the trades offer much better opportunities and if boys who have to go to work after leaving high school would only learn a trade, they would certainly be better off.

After mastering their chosen calling they would receive wages double what they now get in stores. True, they would have to don a suit of overalls, but if they are ambitious there are ample opportunities of attending evening schools and fitting themselves for advanced positions in the building business, such as clerk of works, inspector of buildings, foreman and superintendent of construction. There is no set of men in the country

more independent than our mechanics, for they are not at the beck and call of any special employer; they can enter any city with a confident assurance of finding work; and there is always an opportunity for the ambitious young man with a small amount of capital to start in business for himself.

The American boy has lost many good chances in the past because of his reluctance to put on a jumper and soil his hands. Consequently we have had to depend to a large extent on immigration to supply our needs in the building business. The young man who wants to be successful in business must be willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder, to take the rough with the smooth, mix with the workmen and do his share of the hard part of the labor. In this way he will win the respect of the men and will learn how to handle them when he attains a position of responsibility.

Hardly a week passes in which the writer is not asked to find work for young men who have not been trained along any special lines. Consequently it is very difficult to help them. Too many of them are looking for "soft snaps" and are wanting in ambition. They depend too much on others for help. The young man who has confidence in himself, and is really prepared to work, usually succeeds in life.

After graduating from the grammar school it would be better for many boys if they went to work and learned a trade. At the end of four years they would have acquired knowledge which would better assist them in fighting life's battle than would four years spent in the high school. When boys leave the grammar school they are willing to work for small wages, but after graduation from a high school they will not accept a low salary. Consequently it is hard for them to secure good places. A capable lad should not, of course, be deprived of a chance to get a good education, but in many cases it would have been better had lads gone to work instead of entering the high school. The "little learning" that they receive there often proves a great danger. Far too many callow graduates of our secondary schools are characterized by this scorn of manual labor and their inability to do anything else. As a result they begin to loaf around street corners, drift into bad company, and at last give up any idea of earning an honest living. The present efforts of the authorities to establish industrial schools, however, will doubtless help to remedy these evils.

CHARLES LOGUE,

*Charles Logue Building Co., Boston, Mass.*

#### Why Are Graves Untended?

CATHOLIC graveyards are a by-word for neglect. Not that all Catholics are neglectful. Many of our graves give evidence of the most loving care. And yet somehow or other weeds are prolific in the holy ground where we lay away our dear dead. The stranger who makes his way to the silent city of those who once have

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lived but live no more, has no need to ask where is our burial ground. He can tell at once to whom it belongs by the unhinged wicker gate and the overgrown grass upon the mounds. The convert who sees this is apt to be scandalized. Why consecrated ground should be neglected, why God's own acre should be allowed to run wild, why our graves should be untended, is something he can not understand. To him from his earliest youth trim, bluestone walks and smooth, velvet lawns have always been inseparable from the idea of the last resting place of the deceased. He has always been proud to show his visitors the Protestant graveyard, but he blushes for the graveyard of his Catholic friends. In large and wealthy communities it is not always so, and even among the poor the reverse is often true; but it is unfortunately common enough to have become a more or less prevalent disgrace to us all. And what is still more astonishing is the fact that a deeper participation in the Church's spirit seems to bring with it a more pronounced carelessness as to what becomes of our own poor bodies after death, and a constantly lessening insistence on the freshness of the flowers and the greenness of the grass and the luxuriance of the ivy that cover the remains of those we love. On the other hand, the further men are from sympathy with the Church, the greater the number of wreaths they place upon the coffin and the higher the monuments they rear to the memory of their departed friends.

Human weakness no doubt has its share in the explanation. We are wrong not to show sufficient reverence for the place which shelters the mouldering remains of what was once the temple of the Holy Ghost and the living repository of the Blessed Sacrament. Ties of filial affection should make us more solicitous about the little plot to which even dumb nature is so kind. And yet this is not the principal reason for our carelessness. Our lack of decent thoughtfulness has its root like many another fault in the excess of a supernatural virtue. It springs, strange though it may seem, from the very vividness of our faith. We are so much concerned with the needs of the soul that we are apt to be unmindful of the condition of the body. We believe so firmly in the permanence of the principle of the higher life that we are somewhat wanting in respect for its partner in the lower life. We are so anxious about our loved ones' passage from Purgatory to Heaven that we forget the once red heart that is crumbling into dust. Up from the flames we hear them calling for Masses to propitiate offended Justice, and so we fail to plant the roses that will please the human eye. And the consequence? Men say we have ceased to love when we are giving the best proof of love. The carping world blames us as heartless, when we know that our dead care little for the flowers that grow upon the grave.

Does it not seem, therefore, that if our graves are at times untended, it is partly at least, because we are Catholics that it is so? Is there not something inherent in our Faith that renders us less sensible to nature's elemental

cry that we should make our graveyards things of beauty? Is it not because we are unlike the heathen who have no hope, that we do not feel the need of keeping fresh the bitterness of parting by lingering near the spot where our loved ones sleep? Our vision of the supernatural and the mansions in our father's home teach us to lift our eyes from the whitening bones to the ecstatic soul. Death and the grave to us are no hateful, fearful repellent things that are to be softened at any cost. They are familiar thoughts to every Catholic mind. Little our dear ones reckon of the rain and the snow; they are willing to submit to the sentence that has fallen on all mortal men; it is a small thing to bear, in the light of the promise that they shall rise again. The process of putting off this corruptible flesh is not an attractive one, but it loses much of its horror even for us who are left in the realization that the beloved forms which we surrounded with such affection are one day to put on incorruptibility and immortality, and to look into the face of the unseen God. If we thought that the grave was the end of it all, things would be vastly different. We are blameworthy, to be sure, if our graves are untended, but it is not indifference that is wholly responsible. Faith, vivid, living faith, also lies at the root of our too common neglect.

There is little consolation, however, in this thought. No matter what may be the origin of our neglect it does not cease to be a fault. Bigotry, too, takes its rise from faith, and yet bigotry is a detestable thing. The remissness we manifest in the matter of our departed relatives and friends is to be deplored, the more so as it takes on something of the nature of a scandal, and is a reproach to our Catholic faith. Prayer for them is indeed the best testimony we can give them of our undying love, but prayer is not enough; we should also tend to their graves. If we love them truly we should do not merely one or the other, we should care for them both.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

#### The Awakening of Faith in France

##### II

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* in affirming that "one result of the war has been a distinct religious revival in France" adds, "the so-called clerical peril has disappeared from the popular imagination in face of the real peril of the German invasion." To the facts which I have already recounted of the *volte face*, these others must be added.

An official order issued from the headquarters of the French army has acknowledged the bravery and devotion to duty of Sister Julie and her assistants, who, when the Germans shelled Gerbévilier, did not take refuge in the cellars as did the other inhabitants of the place, but went up and down the streets gathering in the wounded. When the Prussian officer ordered her to leave, she refused and answered, "Mother Superior has put me here, and until she bids me go, I shall remain." And stay she did with her companions, all through the bombardment. She belongs to the Congregation of St. Charles. Not only has the army praised her in its report, but the Government has sent M. Mirman, Prefect

of the Meurthe-Moselle Department, to thank her and her Sisters, in the name of France, for their heroism.

If the parish-priest of Niort was agreeably surprised when he was invited to bless the sabres of the hussars, what must have been the joy and wonder of the *curé* of Laigle (Orne) when at three o'clock one morning, he was roused from sleep by the clamorous ringing of his door-bell. He opened his bedroom window, and peered down into the garden below. "What is it, a sick call?" he demanded. "No," came the astounding answer, "perhaps Monsieur le *curé* doesn't know that I am a priest, and that I should be very much pleased if he will allow me to say Mass in the church." "*Tiens!* I'll be down in a minute." When the door was opened, and a light lit, the astonished *curé* saw a colonel. Behind him on the road was his regiment. "And as he gazed his wonder grew," for immediately the colonel told him that he had heard the confessions of two hundred and fifty of his regiment, and that was why he wanted to say Mass, as they all wished to receive Holy Communion. The church was quickly opened, the soldiers marched in, and the colonel-priest celebrated Mass. Along a road red with the dawn they marched shortly afterwards to a field redder with blood. The Lord Jesus they saw not when they took Him at the sanctuary rail, led many through the shadowy way of death unto the City, the light whereof is the Lamb, and the joy His blessed face.

Everywhere as the soldier-clerics arrive to take their place in the ranks they are cheered, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, *abbés*, *curés*, seminarians and novices; they come literally from the four corners of the earth whither they had been banished. It is queer that the enemies of France in times of peace should be welcomed back in time of war. And droll it is to see so many monks with guns in their hands. If writers of Protestant fiction against the priests were permitted to go to the field of the Aisne, they could gather excellent material for their pens. Truth once more would be stranger than fiction. So moving is the sight that the arch-enemy of the religious, Clemenceau, exclaims: "What a surprise it will be to the Germans to see in our army the very monks we drove from the country."

That these churchmen are as good soldiers as they are priests is testified to by all. Abbé Luchat, a sergeant in the bicycle corps, was killed on the field of battle after having been mentioned in dispatches of the previous day for conspicuous gallantry in action. Abbé Monbru and Abbé Grenier, both of them lieutenants, were killed leading their men in a charge. The *Journal Officiel* has this to say of one of these soldier priests:

Abbé Buscoz, adjutant of the 97th Infantry, has died a hero. He had just been made a second lieutenant on the field of battle for two acts of bravery. His last hours were admirable. He leaped forward at the head of his men, crying, "I am a priest. I fear not death. *En avant!*"

A soldier was overheard saying to a comrade in the trenches:

I never did like those *curés*; a good-for-nothing lot I thought them. But, hang it all, I did them a wrong to so ill-judge them. I've seen the stuff they're made of. They fight as well as the best of us; are ready for the posts of greatest danger; are eager to go on when we're for quitting.

At the barracks of Orleans an officer gave up to one of his soldier-priests his own private room to be used by the latter for a chapel. Although the troopers get up at five, and have to drill until ten, before they are free, still they fast until that late hour in order to be able to go to Holy Communion. Many are the first Communion, some of the recipients being over thirty years of age. During the day

the troopers make visits to the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the room.

In a restaurant some artists were gathered. They were giving a farewell supper to one of their profession, off to the war. His regiment would be one of the first to face the Germans. He was serene, not noisily gay as was his wont. His chums chaffed him over his calmness, which they thought came from dwelling on the certainty of being killed. They misjudged the cause of his subdued demeanor. "No, it isn't that," he told them; "it's because I've been to confession, Mass and Communion this morning." Not a jeer, not even a look of raillery came from those men who had mocked at anything that touched religion.

A dashing dragoon, on the gayest and fairest boulevard of Paris will stop, with a splendid salute, a chance-found priest and say: "*M'sieur l'abbé*, I'd like to make my confession to you." "*Eh bien, mon brave*, let's go to the church." The cavalryman hasn't time. There and then as they walk along, the sins of many years are told, and the absolution given. They reach a corner and are parting. "Will *M'sieur l'abbé* give me a medal?" The medal was given. A week later the papers told of a dragoon, in whose dead hands a medal of the Blessed Virgin was found.

Many another incident of the awakened Faith of France is told. All are consoling. Let us pray that the grace which has revived the practices of the Catholic religion will ever be cooperated with, so that the dawn of the now will wax to the full and shining day of the future. The Faith suffered much since the war of 1870. Only God knows now if victory will make good the prophetic words of Pius X, written when he beatified the *Curé d'Ars*, "I beg of you to be convinced with me, that God will soon work wonders to show you that France is still the eldest daughter of the Church, and you will have the joy of seeing this in word and in work."

TERENCE KING, S.J.

### Evodia and Syntyche

JUST why Evodia did not get on with Syntyche we have no means of knowing. That the two ladies did not agree very well, however, is shown by a passage in St. Paul's letter to the Christians of Philippi. For he breaks the thread of his closing exhortation to say: "I beg of Evodia and I beseech Syntyche to be of one mind in the Lord." Their lack of harmony seems to have caused the Apostle deep concern since he also entreates his "sincere companion" who was, as some maintain, the bishop of the city, to "help those women." Perhaps the breach between them had grown so serious that without episcopal intervention there was little hope of healing it. Yet the two who had fallen out, if we may dally with pious conjecture, were very zealous and devoted women. They had "labored . . . in the Gospel" with St. Paul, St. Clement and the other pillars of the Philippian church "whose names are in the book of life." The quarrel may have arisen from a difference of opinion regarding the most effective way of instructing the women neophytes of the city; Syntyche's convert class perhaps was a little larger and brighter than Evodia's; the former's personality was not quite so winning and attractive as her fellow-worker's; or Syntyche may have been more highly connected than Evodia.

Whatever the immediate cause of these estimable ladies' estrangement, the root of the trouble doubtless lay in that common human propensity of expecting too much of our fellow-men. Evodia perhaps was annoyed to find that Syntyche, who should have been, of course, a perfect saint, had several glaring defects of character, while Syntyche was equally pained to observe that Evodia, though a disciple of St. Paul, was by no means free from a number of shortcom-



ings inherited from Mother Eve. Each lady's many shining virtues were washed in Lethe by the other and forgotten. Her faults alone were noted and remembered.

One fell day the crisis came. A practical difficulty regarding a certain neophyte in whom Evodia was particularly interested, Syntyche, without consulting any one, promptly settled. With Apostolic freedom Evodia then told Syntyche how very characteristic of the latter the solution was. Thereupon Syntyche meekly observed that Evodia had made a worse blunder two weeks before. A sharp retort followed. Then came a long silence during which Charity, wounded and weeping, retired from the gathering.

Even the least patient of us endure with smiling fortitude the absence in ourselves of those numerous virtues that our friends should, of course, possess, but are perverse enough to be without, and in this, Evodia and Syntyche, early Christians though they were, no doubt were very like us indeed. Instead of taking men as they are and joyfully discerning the virtues they have, the Evodias and Syntyches of every generation are inclined to note, less in sorrow than in anger, only the glaring defects in the character of their fellow-Christians.

"What a pity this rosebush has so many thorns!" a pessimist wailed with a melancholy wag of his head. "But see all the lovely blossoms it has!" rejoined a bright-souled optimist. That little dialogue has an obvious lesson for Evodias and Syntyches. The donkey, sages say, has never forgiven the rosebush for not producing thistles. That useful animal's love for thistles was no doubt a master passion. He believed that there is no plant on earth more valuable than the *carduus lanceolatus*. A constant diet of thistles, he would maintain, sweetens the temper, soothes the conscience, sharpens the wits, improves the digestion and hightens one's beauty, while the "ethical value" of even the mere sight of the herb is too plain to require demonstration. Therefore he would have thistles growing everywhere. Why should useless roses be allowed to cumber the ground?

It is quite certain, however, that both Evodia and Syntyche would object with vigor to that line of argument, flatly deny the donkey's assertions, remind him that his initial blunder lay in expecting the rosebush to produce thistles and end by proclaiming loudly that one single rosebush is more useful to mankind than is a whole wilderness of thistles. Yet before an hour had passed, each of these amiable ladies would perhaps be indignantly complaining of the other's lack of this virtue or that. In other words she would be grieved and angry because thistles, as a rule, do not grow on rosebushes, or because roses, generally speaking, should not be sought for on thistle plants.

That hunger for perfection which is in the human heart is most effectively and profitably sated by directing the attention to one's own deficiencies. It is in great danger of becoming a disease of the soul if a man, neglecting himself, inconsiderately demands perfection in others. How much we read and hear nowadays about spots in the sun! Whatever bad influence they may have on our planet, it is trifling enough compared with the blessings we constantly enjoy from the sun's light and heat. A serene disregard of the little burrs and briars of this work-a-day world contributes wonderfully to the joy of living. In this connection the answer made to the sensitive cat by the genial elephant who had seated himself in an onion bed is full of practical wisdom. The odor of crushed leeks was a great annoyance, it seems, to the grimalkin, who was fond of sleeping in the sunny vegetable patch. "Doesn't the strong aroma of the onions you are sitting on go to your head?" he asked the ample, care-free elephant. "No, indeed!" was the prompt reply:

Will you kindly observe where my nose is?  
How can I feel sad,  
When my trunk is made glad  
In the neighboring garden of roses?

What a valuable counsel, this, for the Evodias and Syntyches of our day! Instead of growing impatient with a friend's little faults and shortcomings, imitate the high example of the sapient elephant in the fable. Discover and admire the virtues of others which are no doubt at least as numerous as their defects. Keep the mind fixed on the fragrance of the roses, and then the odor of the onions will not be annoying.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

## COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

### The Violation of Belgian Neutrality

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me, in the interests of truth, a few observations on a statement that appears in your issue of October 17, under the heading, "A German View of the War." I quote:

In regard to the violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany, it is now admitted, even by Dutch and Italian papers, that Belgium had a secret understanding with France to permit her to pass unhindered through her territory in order to invade the unprotected Rhineland.

It strikes me that the alleged admissions of Dutch and Italian newspapers in a matter so far removed from their ken are of singularly little value. Happily we can draw upon more authentic sources of information. From the English "White Book" we learn that the following note was addressed both to France and Germany by the British Foreign Secretary on July 31:

It becomes essential to His Majesty's Government, in view of existing treaties, to ask whether the French (German) Government is prepared to engage to respect neutrality of Belgium so long as no other Power violates it.

This drew from the French Government the following reply:

The French Government is resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and it would be only in the event of some other Power violating that neutrality that France might find herself under the necessity, in order to ensure defence of her own security, to act otherwise. This assurance has been given several times. The President of the Republic spoke of it to the King of the Belgians, and the French Minister at Brussels has spontaneously renewed the assurance to the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs to-day (i.e. July 31).

Then we have the following declaration regarding Belgium's own attitude in a telegram from Sir F. Villiers to Sir Edward Grey under the date of August 1:

Belgium expects and desires that other Powers will observe and uphold her neutrality, which she intends to maintain to the utmost of her power.

On the other hand, here is the reply of Germany to Sir Edward Grey's question. It is contained in a telegram from the British ambassador at Berlin:

I have seen Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer. I gathered from what he said that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing, and he was therefore very doubtful whether they would return any answer at all.

As a matter of fact, Germany's answer took the shape of an ultimatum to Belgium. From this it appears that she was the aggressor, and had deliberately planned beforehand to do the very thing she had bound herself by treaty not to do. France, on the contrary, was simply preparing to act in self-defence, and so at once gave Britain the sought-for assurance that she would respect Belgian neutrality. In fact, France, as much the weaker power, would have more than enough to do to defend herself. Germany knew this. Hence she was quite ready to pledge herself to respect the neutrality of Belgium provided Great Britain undertook to remain neutral. "He (the German Ambassador at London) asked me," writes Sir Edward Grey to Sir Edward Goschen under date of August 1, "whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral." This means that Germany was prepared to play fast and loose with her treaty obligations: she would put her bond on the market and get a price for the keeping of it. The "scrap of paper" would have been of some value, could she but have purchased with it Great Britain's neutrality. But how is one to reconcile her willingness to give such a promise to Great Britain with the idea that she knew of the alleged secret understanding between Belgium and France? The fact that she was willing shows she had no serious reason to fear that a French force would pass through Belgium to attack her. In any case, she should have appealed to Great Britain, as one of the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, if she had proof that France meant to strike at her through that country.

A writer in the *Sun*, whose article has been copied into the *Freeman's Journal*, tries to find a justification of Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality in certain words of Mr. Gladstone, spoken in 1870, and quoted by Sir Edward Grey in the British House of Commons last August. Gladstone was considering, on that occasion, a totally different thing, to wit, whether Great Britain would be bound by the strict letter of the treaty, as one of the guarantors of Belgian neutrality, to take up arms against any Power that should violate it. What he thought of that violation in itself is plain from those other words of his that are quoted by Sir Edward in the same speech:

We have an interest in the independence of Belgium which is wider than that which we may have in the literal operation of the guarantee. It is found in the answer to the question whether, under the circumstances of the case, this country, endowed as it is with influence and power, would quietly stand by and witness the perpetration of the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history, and thus become participators in the sin.

When the time came, Britain did not quietly stand by.

✠ ALEXANDER MACDONALD,  
Bishop of Victoria.

#### A Pro-German "Reptile"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a Catholic journal no one can deny the excellence of AMERICA, but when it seems to have entered the ranks of the "Reptile Press," which Bismarck founded and subsidized, people may be permitted to point out wherein it violates the rule of freedom from partisanship.

In a recent issue you praised the act of the German Emperor's family for visiting the wounded soldiers, but you forgot to say in that and in every other issue that it was the bloodthirsty ambition of the German Emperor, and his ruthless outrage on the Belgian people, which filled the hospitals and that unhappy land of inoffensive Catholics with victims of his war lust. Louvain, once the shelter of Catholic students for the priesthood evidently does not count for any-

thing in the estimate of your notoriously pro-German writer of your review of foreign affairs. Louvain was the shelter of Irish students, therefore your German leanings and sympathies pass Louvain over, for you never had any lodgment in your columns for anything Irish except for such as Cardinal Logue and the Dublin Castle prelates who were never Home Rulers, but very much the reverse. Another specimen of your pro-German leanings is the way you point out how kindly the Germans treated the Irish soldiers who were prisoners. Is this wonderful? But what of the tens of thousands of desolate homes in Belgium and France and the violated women and children with breasts and hands cut off by German savages? Not one word from your journal in denunciation; nor a word condemnatory of the riding rough-shod over the land and homes of the Belgian people who had offended no one. It must have rejoiced your pro-German heart when you read of the German troops entering Catholic Antwerp, singing Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," as also it must have been a happiness to your German editorial staff when they read of the destruction of the Cathedral of Reims.

In this British country, where freedom obtains for all creeds and perfect equality prevails, we hope for the destruction of the military system of Germany and the reign of the common people, and regret to see signs, even in your hitherto admirable journal, that the German fund which is being used to prostitute the press of America has not been used in vain.

Again your reference to Prince Battenberg as a high type of a British admiral, who was dispensed with to please the anti-German sentiment of England, rather points to your desire that England should have continued to have her fleet under the charge of a German with all the dangers which his retention conveys. Altogether AMERICA has become too Germanic for many of your readers in free British Canada, and the wonder is, how has this come about.

Toronto.

PETER RYAN.

#### The Italians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I claim to know something of the religious conditions of the Italians in America, having worked for six years among them in Chicago, Denver, Vancouver, B. C., and other places, and I feel bound to say for the honor of the truth and the Catholic Church, that I did not find a hundred such boys and girls coming from Italy without having been properly instructed or having made their first Communion. What about the imputation that their "religious deterioration must be attributed to the fact that they come to this country insufficiently instructed in their faith"? I willingly grant it provided I be permitted to add an explanation. While the knowledge of the average Italian in religious matters is not sufficient for the life that awaits him here, that same knowledge was amply sufficient, and reasonably thought to be so, for the mode of life he was expected to lead in Italy. Religious needs in America are quite different from those in Italy. But can any one blame the clergy in Italy, as Mr. Hadley's article seems to insinuate, for not teaching their flocks truths whose necessity is felt here and not there, for not forewarning their parishioners of dangers and surroundings about which they themselves can not be expected to know anything? The duty of the parish priest is limited to his parish, and if he sees that his parishioners are practical Catholics while there, he can be satisfied, Mr. Hadley's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

I know from experience that they do not leave their native places without first going to the Sacraments; at least that is



true of the Sicilians in Chicago and the Neapolitans in the West. I remember that last year on my way to the Yukon, I met a group of Padovani on the steamer Prince Rupert. They showed me with pride their rosaries and related to me with glowing vivacity their devotional experiences at the Shrine of St. Anthony, whither they had gone in pilgrimage before leaving for America. Alas, my heart ached at the thought that their simple and beautiful faith would probably soon succumb to the necessities of their new life, but it did not occur to my mind to blame their beloved pastors for it, far away. No, the bulk of Italian immigrants are good and practical Catholics when they come here. Their faith is not dropped in the Bay of Naples, but it is silenced and choked in the whirlwind of their adventurous life in this country. It is here that their inexplicable irreligion, with its evil forms of Socialism and indifferentism asserts itself, particularly among the American-born Italians; but to find out the causes of this lamentable phenomenon it is perfectly useless for Mr. Hadley to mount his telescope of zealous patriotism to spy them out beyond the Atlantic, for it is easy for any one to see them at home with naked eye.

Vancouver, B. C.

LUIGI M. GIAMBASTIANI, O.S.M.

#### To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am among those who, although not of the Italian race, for the sake of our religion and because of our devotion to the Holy See, would wish to find an explanation of the laxity of our Italian immigrants in their religious life in this country other than the one that naturally suggests itself in the well-known line of Horace: "Who cross the seas change the skies but not themselves." Surely if the Italians are good Catholics at home they ought at least to be fairly good Catholics here. But there is no gainsaying the fact that they are not. Mr. Herbert Hadley voices the mature judgment of all the priests and bishops I have talked with on the subject during the past thirty odd years of my priesthood, which covers the time of the great Italian immigration. Many of the priests, too, are men of their own race, and one of them, if it were prudent to mention names, a man whose experience and years of unselfish service entitle him to be listened to with attention. He may have been in a particularly pessimistic mood when I heard him declare, as he reviewed his long years of labor among his compatriots: It is hopeless! *Ab uno disce omnes.* This Sunday morning, a slight rain was falling; I met my neighbor, *il Parroco*, coming from his chapel, which is in the heart of an Italian colony of three or four thousand, and I asked him how many were at his two Masses. He threw up his hands and said, about forty all told, men, women and children.

A few years ago it was my privilege to sojourn about three months in Italy, the greater part of which I passed in Naples. I spent most of my Sunday mornings after early Mass and breakfast in walking about the city and dropping into the churches as I met them. Masses innumerable were going on at high altar and side altar in churches and chapels, but there was no such outpouring of worshipers as one would expect to find in a great Catholic city. I did not see at any Sunday Mass in any church outside the *duomo* what we would call a fair-sized congregation. We saw only scattered groups here and there around the various altars, and the conviction was inevitably borne in on the mind that the great bulk of the people did not go to Mass. Nor, furthermore, did I hear a sermon or instruction at any of these Masses; nor did I find a single class of children receiving instruction.

In due time I went from Italy to Lucern, where I arrived early on Sunday morning. After my Mass I noticed a double line of boys, a hundred or more, with prefects or teachers, come in and take their places reverently in the old-fashioned

pews, in which, perforce, one was obliged to kneel upright. During the *Missa Cantata* that followed, each boy with his prayerbook heard Mass devoutly, and all knelt during the *Gloria* and *Credo*, I remember distinctly, and I believe during the whole Mass. At the Gospel a priest gave an earnest instruction of about fifteen minutes. Father Sorrentino can show, doubtless, if he cares to, how defective my logic is; but let me remark, where Catholic faith is alive, its evidences are manifest even to the superficial traveler.

OBSERVER.

#### To the Editor of AMERICA:

Answers to the objections against Italians have been made in the public press on former occasions, and the fact has been pointed out, that certain prejudices are very pernicious to the preservation of the Faith and of good principles in our people. From my seventeen years' experience in America I am convinced that, if there be any truth in this affair, the fault is more grievous in those who have overlooked their duty than in the people themselves. For had the door of benevolence, charity and cordiality been thrown open to the first immigrants, with very few exceptions, they would have flocked to the churches for divine services to find solace in prayer during those days of bitter grief due to sad separations from the loved ones across the sea. But only too often the poor Italian was driven away even from the door of the church. People despised him for two reasons: he had no money to dispose of, and they looked on him as excommunicated because he kept the Pope a prisoner. The anti-clericals profited by this occasion to discredit the Church. Had Mr. Hadley considered the trying circumstances in which the Italian immigrant was placed, he would have praised highly the progress made since the God-sent Italian missions undertook the work. Is it merely with a very low percentage of those who go to church that there are to-day thirty-eight Italian parishes in New York City alone? I would divide the Italians into three classes: those who go to American churches, those who go to Italian churches, and those who do not go to any church at all. I speak of the immigrants and of those born here. Almost all of the latter, being able to speak English, prefer to frequent an American church. The Italian churches, however, are well attended on Sundays, especially where the priest labors disinterestedly and zealously. Among those who do not go to church we must include not only the wilfully negligent, but also those who, for some reason or other, are free from the obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays.

In my parish there are about 20,000 Italians. On feast days we have seven and sometimes nine Masses. They are so well attended that I can count about 8,000 who come to Mass every Sunday. You must also take into account the children who are not obliged to hear Mass, the sick, the infirm and the aged and those who go to a French church and to the neighboring American churches, and then see whether a low or a high percentage goes to Mass. In this parish there are six flourishing sodalities with a total membership of 1,550 persons. There is besides the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine which counts at least sixty-five members who teach catechism to 1,300 children from 2 to 3 p. m. These children, moreover, come every Sunday at 9.30 for their Mass. The number of first communions every year is about 575; the number of confirmations is 500. We are five priests, four of whom hear confessions every Saturday from 4 to 6, and from 7.30 to 10 and often till 11 p. m. The yearly communions are about 35,000. What I have said about my parish (Our Lady of Pompeii, New York) can be said of many other missions of which I am the Provincial Superior.

New York.

A. DEMO, C.S.C.B.

# A M E R I C A

## A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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### A Defence and an Answer

MEXICAN rebels, not content with the rape of women, torture and murder of priests, unspeakable desecration of the Blessed Sacrament, churches, altars, chalices; not satisfied with blasphemies against God and His Saints, have come to our country to spread calumnies broadcast through the land and to stir up strife among peaceful citizens. The "Liberators" are among us. They have come from out their own blackened and charred land, whining like hungry dogs in search of other bones to pick clean. They have left behind them innumerable corpses rotting on the plains, bodies of the victims of a demoniacal hate masquerading under the banner of liberty and equality. And if they would stop their calumnies and listen for a minute, they would hear the wails of heart-broken women and little girls, ay, of Sisters—victims of a lust of which a wanton beast or a Mexican rebel alone is capable. These men have shattered Mexico from top to bottom, have rent it into a thousand mangled, bleeding parts, have deluged it with blood, have stamped it with the mark of savagery, have sent it down in misery and despair to the very jaws of hell. And now their agents are with us, set down in our cities, to expose their vile souls to our gaze. They fill our mails with calumnies against the Church; our press with blatant rhetoric, expressive of stereotyped untruths, the property of every tyrant from Nero to Carranza.

There was never an evil in Mexico, that priests did not cause. They fostered Iturbide and Santa Anna and Maximilian; they destroyed Madero; they bribed the army; they sustained Huerta; they armed men against Carranza; they did all things that the devil does. The rebels on the other hand, the Carranzistas especially, are sweet, meek, dark, dreamy-eyed, swarthy little "dears," with arched brows and shining teeth and scented breath and waxed moustaches and polished finger-nails and slender hands and feet—cunning, dimpled chaps who

bathe night and morning with the aid of a valet and for years sat clad in bath-robcs, sighing for protection from sly bishops and "husky" priests, six feet four, and strenuous abbesses and bouncing mother superiors who were importing arms and mounting cannons and shooting gulls and directing Zeppelins and sapping and mining to slay poor, weak, puny Don Carranza, huddled in a corner of a Morris chair and half dead from fright for fear a militant abbess might catch him by the scruff of his precious neck and steal him away.

By the favor of hell, however, the sly bishops and the robust priests and strenuous abbesses and bouncing mother superiors were conquered by the scented rebels, gentle creatures who eat out of my lady's hand.

Have you not heard how the victory was won? This way: (1) By outraging nuns. (2) By forcing nuns to live a life of shame in camps. (3) By compelling nuns to accompany soldiers on forced marches. (4) By torturing priests in a fashion worthy of savage Iroquois. (5) By murdering priests and brothers. (6) By desecrating churches. (7) By defiling altars as only a brute or a Mexican rebel could do. (8) By putting chalices to purposes which even brutes scorn. (9) By dressing prostitutes in sacred vestments. (10) By throwing the Blessed Sacrament on the floor in one instance and by mixing it with the horses' food in another. In all these ways, and in others equally vile, contemptible, brutish, did the rebels conquer. A splendid victory that—almost as inspiring as the one they hope to win by calumnies sent out from New York and Washington. Never again will shrewd bishops and athletic priests, and foxy abbesses and plotting mother superiors dare to fire a cannon, or shoot a gun at Don Carranza, the high priest of liberty, fraternity, equality and calumniating news bureaus.

### Our Alleged "Rush"

The genial Irish novelist, who visited this country some time ago, on reaching home again, promptly wrote, as was to be expected, a book of "American impressions." He devotes an entire chapter of the volume to discrediting the so-called "hustling legend" about the United States, and maintains that though we may appear to a careless observer to be always in an unconscionable hurry, in reality the average American citizen is a man of ample leisure. A "hustler," in Canon Hannay's opinion, is a cruel name to call a person, for "the word suggests a disagreeable kind of spurious activity. The hustler is not likely to be efficient. He makes a great show of doing things, but he does not, somehow, get them done." Americans, however, are remarkably efficient in "getting things done," yet they generally have withal abundant time to spare.

Our visitor first made this important discovery on entering a metropolitan restaurant. The diners, he observed, gave their orders with deliberation and then waited patiently a long time for the waiter to return.



Between the courses, also, many precious minutes were meekly wasted. The Canon likewise noted that during business hours Americans will cheerfully converse with callers about matters having no bearing whatever on trade or commerce, whereas an Englishman would "go white" at the mere thought of such an unbusinesslike practice. Americans' aversion to writing letters did not escape the observant novelist. To avoid that annoyance, large sums are spent on the long-distance telephone and men will travel hundreds of miles just to have a short interview. He might have added that our passion for swift transportation is really due to our love for leisure. Motor-cars speed madly into the suburbs to give the "tired business man" more time at home. Three minutes are triumphantly saved by a breathless dash from the local subway train to the express, only to be lightly squandered an hour later in waiting for dessert.

Incredible as it may seem, time is just as abundant in this country as in Europe, for we have all there is. "I haven't time," is an expression heard more often here, no doubt, than, let us say, in Ireland, but we mean by it, "I must not shorten by even a minute my hours of leisure." To what use we put the time so avariciously saved is another question. Like the rest of mankind we complain petulantly that "we have no time," and then serenely act as if we had an unlimited amount of it. No one "has time" for the really important duties of life, but we find boundless leisure for trifles.

### Protestant Backsliding

The New York General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has received the report that in the last five years an annual average of 51,000 members was placed on the suspension roll; which means, being interpreted, that 255,777 Presbyterians of these parts "slipped back into the world, fell away, were relegated to the ecclesiastical scrapheap." The causes assigned for their backsliding were:

The growing love of pleasure, disregard for the Lord's day and the Word of God, the increasing craze for amusements and the influence of worldly company—in short, the modern view of life which is preached by many secular organizations.

These causes are inadequate. Similar defections are taking place in nearly all Protestant churches, especially in their male membership, and worldliness and pleasure-seeking, which always existed, do not explain them. There was more and viler and more wide-spread worldliness in the Roman Empire, and yet Christianity weaned men away from it, and drew them into its churches, which it had continuously to multiply in order to make room for them; and this continued to be the story of the Christianization of all peoples. The same allurements in New York and elsewhere that draw Protestants away from their churches are also presented to Catholics; but they do not draw these away. Our churches are filled many times on Sunday, our altar rails are crowded with

communicants; on week days Holy Mass is offered, our Church doors are open, and many enter. Why is it that the world's attractions lure away the one and not the other?

Broadly because true Christianity is a stronger attraction, and this Catholics have. It is not that amusements and worldliness lure away the Presbyterians and the rest, but that they have little Christianity from which to be lured. The Presbyterians had once a very definite faith; hard and repellent, it is true, but they believed in it. Then they went to church and, where they could, forced every one else to go along with them. But not for long could people be persuaded that, willy-nilly, they were damned or saved forever, that joy was sinful and happiness ungodly; and so creeds were pared down to the likings of the membership, until little was left for the members to like or to dislike. Once particularly strong on hell, they have now eliminated it, and as ministers are ordained who will not affirm the Divinity of Christ or the inspiration of Scripture, they have but a very indefinite and unsatisfying heaven to offer to their listeners. Calvin abolished the Mass, and all the sacraments but two, which were allowed to remain as ordinances with some significance. His successors have robbed them of all significance. In other words they have merely the name of Christianity, not its essence. They have words, not truths; no definite belief or guidance, no sacrifice, no altar, no sacramental channels of grace, no Book inspired of God, no Christ Who is surely God the Son of God; and therefore no Christianity that will counteract the allurements of the devil, the world and the flesh. Hence their churches can have only the attractions of secular meeting houses; they are not centres of Divine Grace, and consequently repel people who want it or need it.

The same is true to a large extent of all non-Catholic denominations. Some try to compensate by music or sensationalism or Catholic imitations; but all are continually revising their indefinite creeds, which is a definite admission that they have none that is true, for Christ's Truth is unchangeable. There is one church that never changes; that holds all Christ's truth and preaches it; that has an altar and a sacrifice, which is Christ, the Son of God; and that gives Him and His Grace through His seven sacramental streams to His people. Therefore people go to His churches, for they know that He, their Saviour, is there, the Way the Truth and the Life, and that from Him they will find sustenance against the allurements and the sorrows of this world.

### The Toll of Death

Brutal and brutalizing war still rages fiercely in Europe. Tales of misery and stories of horrors, all heart-rending in the extreme, are flashed across the ocean to fill the pages of our papers with accounts that bewilder the judgment and sicken the soul.

The list of dead and wounded is all but endless. The

blood of nations is flowing in rivers. Europe's fairest sons lie dead in huddled throngs, like animals stampeded and then struck lifeless by a powerful foe. Such is the victory of hate and greed and base materialism. Nations are offering their sacrifices to their gods: the victims are the souls of men. Our vaunted civilization has broken down and is presenting to angels and men a spectacle which brings the blush of shame to every decent cheek. Our boasted enlightenment is a murky thing, like hell fire, death dealing rather than vivifying. The purpose of a decent civilization is to preserve men and make them happy; the aim of this civilization is to cast them into the jaws of death by the thousands, leaving their widows and children helpless except to send forth a wail of sorrow that rings over the earth, a startling thing like a wail of the dead in the night.

The war had to come. Godlessness was rife: and godlessness leads to strife as well among civilized creatures as among savages. The war must go; men will drop their firearms from sheer exhaustion. But the war will come again, unless men change their ideals. God must be put in the place of inordinate desire for power and wealth. The things of heaven must be more than the things of earth. When this happens man will grow his full length and leave behind him his gods in quest of God, the Master of peace and love, the dispenser of the oil of mercy and the wine of love. This is the lesson that Benedict XV reads us in his encyclical on peace. When men take it to heart then will peace come.

### Lilliputian Souls

Suppose you lived in a pin-hole; think of the magnificent arch of sky which would bend over your head! Sweep your gaze around upon the wide horizon encircling your vision: a rain-drop would be a deluge; a grain of sand would be a mighty boulder crashing down upon you with the force of an avalanche. You would sympathize with the anonymous poet who sang in his wild dreams: "Mosquitoes would be mastodons, if we were only small enough." "No, thank you," you would reply, "they are satisfactorily large as it is." What the alliterative versifier has expressed so fearsomely, the philosopher expresses more austere in the phrase that all magnitude is relative.

If a pin-hole can convert a drop of water into Niagara, why is it not possible to reverse the telescope and see things small which are uncomfortably large? It is far more comforting to see mosquitoes dwindling into mites than developing into leviathans. Are you stranded at the bottom of a pin-hole or standing in triumphant exaltation on a mountain peak? The local pin-hole, the national pin-hole, the pin-holes of bigotry, of antipathy, of selfishness, these are the narrowers of men's horizons, these are the factories for the world's myopia (in every day no-charge English, short-sightedness). The usual derricks for hoisting people out of such cramped quar-

ters are travel, reading, growth in years, humility and, in many aggravated cases, a good digestion.

Where you most need the reversed telescope is in contemplating evil. Some have been so overwhelmed by the evil around them that for them it has eclipsed God's Providence, poisoned His goodness, or even denied His existence. When things get too near, they bulk large and blot out the landscape. What narrows the skyline for you may be a mountain range or a city or one huge building, but for another the view may disappear behind a tree or a curtain two feet wide, or an eye-lid half an inch wide. A grain of dust in your eye means more to you than a sand-storm in the Sahara. Mighty armies may be slaying millions across the ocean, but that carnage will not shake the foundations of Divine confidence for a mother as the loss of a tiny babe may perhaps do.

The pin-hole position limits the outlook and keeps evil very near. The more remote the distance, the lesser the evil. You will not worry about a twinge of pain in one foot of an ant because you tower above it. Take your position on the sun, and this earth is like a baseball a mile away. Mount higher still and stand upon the heights of heaven; throw the stretches of eternity between you and your evils—and then what has become of them? A life of suffering is but a moment of pain; the carnage of war is a drop of blood; a devastating plague is a passing indisposition; "a thousand years but as one day."

You have the testimony of one who took his outlook from the pinnacle of heaven, anticipating that place before the time usually allotted to ordinary mortals. We must die to get out of our pin-hole entirely. This witness, however, "was caught up to the third heaven," and he weighed all the evils of time in the scales of eternity, and he discovered that our present tribulation is momentary and light, but "worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

### LITERATURE

#### The Ignorance of the Past

The modern intellectual is affected in either one of two ways when confronted with the achievements of the past: he ignores them through fear or passes them by in ignorance. Mr. Walter Lippmann, the author of "Drift and Mastery" (Kennerley), is a typical example of an acute modern radical who, through ignorance of the past and a refusal to consider the theological and economic creeds endorsed by the Catholic Church and practised in those centuries when Europe was Catholic, sees the flame of civilization flare for a moment in Grecian times and then die down, to flare up again in some future Collectivist State. He is one of those who sketch that vital period of great intellectual activity that spreads from the twelfth to the sixteenth century under the general title of the Dark Ages, in which period Philosophy and Science lay side by side in a kind of stupor, until the Reformation "liberated the intellect" (I believe that is the phrase) and finally achieved perfection in the philosophies of William James, Professor Bergson, etc., etc.

Thus Mr. Lippmann does not realize that that poverty



which is inevitable in capitalistic society, and which he, like all other men who are neither fools nor knaves, cordially detests, practically did not exist in the Middle Ages. The organization and care of labor by the guilds, the system of peasant proprietorship, made the creation of a proletariat impossible. Yet this democratic organization of society, which was gradually being perfected under the inspiration of the Faith, our author discards, not deigning in many pages devoted to suggestions for a radical remedy for the evils of Capitalism to consider it. Here is a conspiracy, if only an unconscious conspiracy, of silence in regard to Catholic solutions for economic ills. We would not mind if our opponents would state our solutions and correctly, and then attempt to refute them. But our opponents have lost their memories and can not even remember what our side of the quarrel is. G. K. Chesterton once remarked that Europe had a nasty knock on the head some years ago and that its memory of past ages is only now coming back. But surely it is now time to be done with these bad dreams and delusions about the Middle Ages that have haunted Europe's slow recovery; these false explanations of the past, these crazy pictures of the future.

I find the author stating that "the sanctity of property, the family, the dogma of sin—the rock of ages in brief—has been blasted for us," and an exclamation, "No wonder the churches are empty!" etc., etc. Now these accusations are justified when directed against the Protestant churches. "Go-to-church Sunday" is an admission of weakness. But here again Mr. Lippmann refuses to face the fact that the Faith exists, that it is alive, and not merely alive, but lively. It is *not* true that the various beliefs which Mr. Lippmann groups under the title of "the rock of ages" have been blasted for us. The explosive heresies of modern times have left the Rock which is Peter, untouched. The disintegration of Protestantism is not an argument against us, it is an argument in our favor. Europe is restating its belief in the dogma of sin, in the sanctity of property. Mr. Lippmann is behind the times. The increase of the Faith in England and America, the Catholic renaissance in France, the possibilities of a new Catholic country in Poland at the end of this war, these things mean nothing to him. Educated in the non-Catholic tradition, he has no grasp of continuity in European affairs and is incapable of perceiving the flow of contemporary European thought in the direction of Catholicism. He sends a few modern heresies sprawling and then assumes that the world is his to rebuild according to his tastes. Noting a certain clever, if superficial, tone in his work, one would think that he would have experienced the fact that the one great opponent to the spirit that takes for granted that a new earth is going to be moulded, and a new society which will satisfy men without religion, is the Catholic Church.

Discarding Christianity which, in its assertion that those things which men have in common are more important than their differences, alone furnishes an argument for democracy, the anti-Catholic apologist for democracy is forced to resort to the poorest of all arguments, the argument on grounds of efficiency. So Mr. Lippmann. But this argument will not hold water. History teaches, with the possible exception of France, the impossibility of great masses of men being able to give adequate expression to their collective will. Cast aside Catholicism and you destroy all argument for democracy. Nor should Mr. Lippmann have overlooked the fact that the most democratic countries in Europe are the Catholic countries, and that the decision of the Irish and French and Polish peoples to remain nations of peasant proprietors; that is, free and democratic nations, is the direct result of their Catholic inheritance. It is not "the curse," as Lippmann asserts, but the blessing of Ireland and Poland and Alsace that they can not forget what they were. The

democratic conditions in Catholic countries in the past and in the present is a curious commentary on his statement about the "undemocratic world which the Church dominated!"

"Had the Church achieved its full ambition, to be glorious and rich amidst poverty" . . . a perverted suggestion of that sort is difficult to answer. It is difficult to answer because practically the only answer is to call it a lie. There are accusations so futile and so false on the face of them, so intrinsically absurd when brought face to face with the facts of history, that the lie direct is the only possible reply. Imagine interpreting the activity of the Church in the Middle Ages as a great conspiracy to reduce her children to a state of pauperism!

I find on page 249 what Mr. Lippmann calls a "brilliant suggestion" of Freud's to the effect that men took refuge in monasteries to escape their sense of sin and their spiritual conflicts. One can only describe such a suggestion as sheer fatuity. Why one should feel less of a sinner because one takes the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and lives in community, is quite past my comprehension. Certainly this simple explanation of the growth of the monastic orders is not borne out in the writings of the monastic saints.

There are many definitions in "Drift and Mastery" which misrepresent Catholic doctrine. I quote from page 203: "The confessional where sin could be expressed and *therefore* purged; the vicarious atonement by which the consequences of human sins were lifted off men's shoulders." There is a crude misstatement of the Sacrament of Penance and an explanation of the Atonement which, coming from a non-Catholic writer, leads one to think that he has confused with Catholic doctrine the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith condemned by the Council of Trent (Session 6, Canon 11). Immediately after this quotation comes a very serious lapse in Mr. Lippmann's "scholarship." He quotes some sentences from a volume of meditations with the claim that they are excerpts from St. Ignatius' "Spiritual Exercises." It just happens that St. Ignatius never wrote a meditation on death. Then there is the amusing statement that the Church has always opposed the inventor and those who have helped mankind to a greater degree of self-government. Shades of Pasteur, Linacre, Mendel, Galvani and Müller!

I remember some phrases in an essay on "The Barbarians," by Hilaire Belloc, which are an excellent commentary on Mr. Lippmann's curiously naïve and conceited statement that the only people who can stomach a pluralistic philosophy are those who have grown strong enough to do without an absolute faith. As though belief in God necessarily involved weakness of intellect or morals! Belloc remarked:

The Barbarian struts like a nigger in evening clothes when he has grown to be a "pragmatist," and believes himself superior to the gift of reason, or free to maintain that definition, limit, quantity or contradiction are little childish things which he has outgrown. . . . Discipline seems to him irrational, on which account he is forever marvelling that civilization should have offended him with soldiers and priests. . . . The Barbarian wonders what strange meaning may lurk in that ancient and solemn truth, *Sine auctoritate nulla vita*.

How true!

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

## REVIEWS

**The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry.** Introduction and Narrative by HILAIRE BELLOC. With 76 illustrations in color. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

There is something peculiarly apposite in this presentment of the Bayeux Tapestry, for Mr. Belloc, representative of both England and France, who has been an English Member of Parliament and a French gunner, sets forth the event which was to bring the two countries into such close relationship.

Hastings saw England and France opposed in arms: to-day sees the two nations in arms against a common foe.

The Tapestry, which is preserved in the main room of what was once the Bishop's Palace at Bayeux in Normandy, is a complete pageant of the Conquest of England, by William of Normandy, in 1066. The Tapestry has been held to be contemporary with the Conquest, and on the supposition that it was woven by the wives of those who fought in the Battle of Hastings has been called "Queen Matilda's Tapestry." Mr. Belloc proceeds to destroy this tradition, and, so it appears, by very sound arguments, and places its construction somewhere in the twelfth century. This is the academic interest of the Tapestry.

The historical feature of the Tapestry is that in giving the story of the Conquest it places Harold in the light of a perjured traitor, and William as the hero; thus it is a justification of the Norman cause. But in the popular mind it is Harold who is the hero; William is the foreign invader. Both in "Ivanhoe" and "Hereward the Wake" the dying Saxon cause has been set forth as the cause of the people; though, as "every schoolboy knows," the Norman Conquest was but an incident in the fusion of that mixed race known as the English. Two incidents stand out in the Bayeux story of the Conquest, incidents that were calculated to carry weight with those for whom the pageant was designed. They are the oath which Harold swore on the Blessed Sacrament and the relics of the saints, and his coronation as king by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the former is the pivot upon which turned the Norman accusation of treason and perjury. With regard to Stigand, his position was certainly irregular and even schismatic. The true Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert of Jumièges, had escaped to the Continent after the return of Godwine, and Stigand was intruded into the Metropolitan See. From the Catholic point of view, the only one, as there were no Protestants in those days, the case of Harold was hopeless. He had broken a most solemn oath, he had received his sacring at the hands of a schismatic prelate, and therefore in the eyes of Christendom the Norman cause needed very little justification. This is the light in which we must read the Tapestry, although the popular mind has immortalized the last of the Saxon Kings falling, his brain pierced by an arrow, on the field of Hastings.

H. C. W.

**The World Missions of the Catholic Church.** A Text Book for the Teachers of our Parochial Schools, Colleges and Academies. By Rev. FREDERIC SCHWAGER, S.V.D. Techny, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word. \$0.40.

This book may be looked upon as a novelty in our Catholic pedagogic literature; but the novelty is a timely and happy one. As one of the consequences of the war the support and even the very existence of many of our foreign missions depend entirely upon us and upon the children we now educate. This indeed is in itself a sufficient reason for following the suggestion, made at the last missionary congress by Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, that the study of the foreign missions should find a place in our Catholic schools. But such a study has likewise its purely educative value which is not to be underestimated. Father Schwager rightly says:

We look upon the hero tales of the ancient Greeks and Romans as ennobling and inspiring; but how much more ennobling and inspiring the story of the Christian martyrs of our day! Is there any better way of learning to appreciate the ethical and cultural influence of our Church than, by contrast, getting an insight into heathendom.

The author has no thought of introducing a new branch of learning into our curriculum. We are encumbered with too

many branches already. Neither is the book intended for the use of pupils, but for the direction of teachers. It is meant to suggest, under headings parallel to the matter treated in the text-books, valuable mission information which can be used in connection with the teaching of catechism and Bible history. A second volume, which is to appear in January, will serve the same purpose for the teachers of history and geography. These books are not, of course, exhaustive, but will prove inspiring and suggestive. They will be a new source of interest as well as of apostolic zeal in the classroom. J. H.

**The Struggle for Scutari.** By M. EDITH DURHAM. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00.

*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi* seems as true of modern Albanians as of ancient Greeks; and, so far as Miss Durham is concerned, the world need be under no illusion in the matter. When Nikola, of Montenegro, made himself king we were given beautiful pictures of the Montenegrin people. They were a happy, innocent lot, unspoiled by too much civilization. They had, of course, little quarrels over sheep and such like. But these they carried to their beloved prince, who, sitting under a tree before his palace, would do justice in the manner of the ancient world. They were brave, too, holding their cherished Christianity in their mountain fastnesses against the Moslem for centuries. They loved their Albanian neighbors as brothers, yearning to free them from the Turk that they might make them sharers in their Christian liberty.

Miss Durham, who has lived among the Albanians as their guide, philosopher and friend, and their nurse and surgeon, too, on occasion, tells another tale. The Montenegrin is a swaggerer, achieving great things in word, but a failure in action. King Nikola is a crafty politician, and his State, in proportion to its size, yields to none in the peninsula in the excellence of its graft. He is as skilful in winning imaginary battles, in capturing castles in Spain, in slaying hosts of enemies over and over again, as those greater than he inside and outside the Balkans, and as able as they to explain a defeat in terms of a triumph. His subjects, therefore, are not disinclined to revolt. The love for the Albanian is a fiction. What Montenegrins love is Albanian land; and their notion of settling with its possessors is Cromwell's Irish method carried to its highest and simplest perfection. Prince Danilo is said to be so vigorous an advocate of such a pacification of Albania, as to have won the title of the Montenegrin Nero. The Montenegrin religion seems to have this, in common with Orange Protestantism, that it consists in great part of a virulent hatred of Catholics.

Miss Durham is a partisan of the Albanians. She corrects a good many errors regarding their tribes that the newspapers have made current, but she does not hide their shortcomings. Her book impresses us favorably as a faithful record by one capable of discerning the truth, with abundant opportunity to do so. Incidentally the Servians come in, and what she has to say of them is not flattering. Had her view taken in other Balkan peoples one can hardly doubt that she would have been equally outspoken. Probably the true view of them all is, that they are as yet decidedly elemental, given to torturing and slaughtering hereditary enemies without restraint, unfit as yet to be allowed the free use of guns and gunpowder, the tools of higher powers, open and concealed. A few decades of paternal government seeking only their good, bringing them under the most efficacious influences of religion, would make a great people out of them, for the material is noble. But who is to give them that government? They are still waiting for it, and in the meantime are pawns of the Russian, the German, the Austrian, not to mention



the revolutionary committees and their rulers, just as they were of the Turks in the past. They remain to-day among the most cruelly wronged peoples the world has ever known, and their cry must go up against their successive oppressors to the throne of God. The wrongs of the Balkan peoples are being avenged at this moment from the North Sea to the Vistula. But will they be redressed?

H. W.

**Criticism.** By W. C. BRONWELL.

**On Acting.** By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$0.75 each.

These are two slight brochures of attractive appearance. "Criticism" is more comprehensive than philosophical. It attempts to cover the whole field. "On Acting," better advised, feeling it could not compress a whole theory into a brief space, touches lightly on a few aspects of its subject. It is more interesting and far more clear. Its principles are not entangled in a web of words but often are embodied in a sparkling anecdote. "Criticism" presents a sane and sound theory of its topic, and on such subjects as impressionism and realism it is quite satisfactory. In demanding only a tincture of philosophy for critics it is not correct, unless it understands by philosophy, as perhaps it does, theorizing. A tincture of Taine's false theorizing on environment is enough, as "Criticism" seems to admit. But if by philosophy is understood a right understanding of man's frailties and the way to reach them through language, then a tincture of such philosophy is unhappily all that most critics do possess, but not all that they ought to possess. In their style these two companion books differ widely. "On Acting" leads its reader on easily, delightfully, without a halt. Its sentences are short; its illustrations to the point, and its stories new. "Criticism" demands patience. Occasionally, to the reader's great relief, its discussion crystallizes into an epigram, but, as a rule, "Criticism" is too much inclined to the Henry James type of sentence, the discursive sentence, which leaves New York for New Orleans and arrives at Boston by way of the Suez Canal.

F. P. D.

**Essays on Books.** By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The essay is to prose what the lyric is to poetry. Its dominant note is subjectivism. It is the vehicle of personal thoughts and feelings about a subject or event. In these "Essays on Books" Professor Phelps entertainingly tells us many of his own thoughts and feelings about authors and books of lasting interest. The world will ever be ready to listen and to learn when Richardson, Dickens, Jane Austen, Lessing, Herrick and other authors of their calibre are the subject matter of discussion. But the personal attitude of mind of the literary critic is oftentimes more interesting and important than anything, however excellent, he has to say. Professor Phelps has said much in this volume which is excellent, and in the saying of it, he has indicated an unmistakable attitude of mind on a fundamental problem which is still more admirable. His outlook is sufficiently rare in these days of artistic and literary Philistinism to provoke both comment and commendation, for he shows an uncompromising belief in the need of morality and religion, both in real life and book life.

In "Conversations with Paul Heyse," the German litterateur evidently deeply impressed the author, when he said to him:

I used to think perhaps we could get along without it (religion). . . . Now I know . . . there is absolutely no substitute for it. . . . Science and Monism can never fill any place in the human heart. Religion alone can satisfy human longings and human aspiration.

As for the need of morality and religion in books, Pro-

fessor Phelps enunciates a solid literary dogma when he says in his thoughts on Dickens: "The moral attitude of a writer, his grasp of the religious and moral basis of life is of the highest importance, for out of that flows the stream of his works, and its quality and flavor are largely determined by it." The author makes unerring application of this principle when he puts his finger on the sore spot of much modern literature, the "absence of the central fire of faith," wherefore "a large number of brilliantly-written novels and dramas in our time betray not merely weariness, gloom and heart-sickness, but above all bewilderment and uncertainty."

Professor Phelps is so sure in his grasp on certain principles, that we read with regret such a statement as this: "A formal creed in art is as unsatisfactory as a formal creed in religion." Surely, the whole history of religion triumphantly demonstrates the fact that creedless religion is emasculated religion, that the rejection of formal religious creed inevitably leads to the assumption of religious scepticism with all the sad effects in life which the professor so skillfully depicts in modern literature.

I. W. C.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

*Catholic Mind* for November 22 is meant to be a convert-maker. In it is printed "The Architect's Plan," a line of argument which the author, Father John A. Cotter, S.J., has found by experience very effective for bringing intellectual conviction to those seeking the true Church of Christ. In this same number the late Mgr. Benson tells, as few better can, of "The Happiness of Catholicism"; Father Woods writes luminously on "Infallibility," and Father Dwight answers briefly the question, "Was St. Peter in Rome?" The pamphlet should, perhaps, bear in red ink the warning, "Dangerous to Protestants!" but those who have prospective converts to deal with will find a well-stocked armory in the current *Catholic Mind*.

"Modern Lovers" (Richard G. Badger, Boston, \$1.25), is a novel by Viola Meynell, whose name, it will be remembered, Francis Thompson wove so prettily into his poetry. A carefully written story of the leisurely, analytical kind, the book is chiefly concerned with the fair but deceitful "Effie" and her two lovers. The author describes with skill an unamiable, middle-class English family, and the heroine's success in conquering a radical weakness in her character. In novels like this it is customary to give detailed accounts of humdrum conversations and familiar psychological processes. The author's "artistry" does much to keep such pages from growing tiresome, but withal the peril is not wholly absent. As was to be expected from a Meynell, the literary finish of "Modern Lovers" is high.

"Hugh Carton," the author of "The Grand Assize" (Doubleday, \$1.35), is said to be the pen-name of an "English clergyman of high rank," who is well known both as a preacher and as a "student of affairs." He brings before Our Divine Lord for judgment individuals representing the varied classes in modern society, such as the plutocrat, the drunkard, the prostitute, the actor, the politician, the "cleric," etc. They all make a sincere confession, guardian angels say what they can for the culprits, then the Judge, on questioning each, finds that they are victims of their environment or bad bringing-up, so He consigns all to a kind of mild purgatory. The publishers describe the work as a "truly reverent conception of the Last Judgment." With this assertion the Catholic reader will not agree. Sinners compelled at the "Grand Assize," even in the teeth and forehead of their faults, to give in evidence, will not be the composed creatures of this book,

nor does the Judge portrayed in *Holy Writ* resemble the one presiding over this author's court. Many of the chapters are powerfully written and contain pitiless descriptions of the men and women who now prey on society.

The cartoon on the cover of the *Boston Truth* for November 19 is a particularly good one. Grim-visaged war is about to behead a tiny, winged babe, who awaits the blow bound and kneeling, but with a smile and a wink for the beholder. The picture is entitled "Finis" and means that *Truth* has had its last issue; "at least for the present," as the war has cut the paper's "income in halves, making it impossible to continue." The announcement will bring keen regret to the readers of that bright and fearless little weekly. Mr. George R. Conroy, its editor and publisher, excels in the art of telling the truth with a smile, and has valiantly defended, during the two years of his paper's existence, "our civilization, the home, and all that Christianity holds dear." When the war is over, *Truth*, we hope, will rise again. It has died "game," moreover, "owing no man a dollar which it is unable to pay," and with a clever parting shot at its "chief mourners."

"From Dublin to Chicago" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50) is an amusing volume of impressions gathered during a brief American tour by the Irish Protestant novelist, George A. Birmingham, who in private life is Canon Hannay. The book should be pleasant reading for Americans, as the author admires nearly everything he saw over here, and writes with enthusiasm of many things that are criticized, as a rule, by tourists from Europe. He found New York the cleanest city he ever saw, considered St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Graduate College buildings at Princeton the finest examples there are of modern Gothic, did not think we use nearly as much profanity as Englishmen, was struck by our "reverence" for women, and liked immensely our sanguine, companionable spirit. In his last chapter on "The Irishman Abroad," which is perhaps the best in the book, the author dwells feelingly on the success his countrymen have had in whatever they undertook in every country but Ireland.

The readers, critics and contributors, with whom Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has had business relations, furnish him with matter for an amusing little book called "The Reading Public" (Houghton, \$0.75). The author knows just what sort of literature appeals to "the man in the street," he can predict with uncanny accuracy the contents of next week's periodical, he has a noble scorn for "machine-made novels," inveighs eloquently against the so-called "women's publications" with their "tawdry make-believe," "literary cant," "sickening sentiment" and "doubtful sex-consciousness," assures us that the *Atlantic* accepts but 250 of the 12,000 manuscripts submitted every year, and quotes the following titbit from a breezy Westerner's criticism of the magazine:

Your articles are weak and vapid, your essays nonsense, your stories utterly without interest, and your poetry is rotten. If you would only listen to reason, and try to learn how to make a magazine, but you Easterners know it all, so h—! what's the use!

It is letters of this kind that keep editors well supplied with the humility that is so necessary for men of their calling.

Artistic panel calendars, entitled "The Catholic Church," "Dominus Vobiscum," "Madonna" and "Cheer Up," have come from E. P. Dutton & Co. The first is for Catholics, the second and third for Anglicans, the fourth for the melancholy. Another is called "Merrie Thoughts," with a jest, presumably a fresh one, for every day of the year. But it will take courage to keep pulling off that slip regularly.—

Benziger's "Home Annual" for 1915, is now ready for its patrons. Among the illustrated articles is Father Campbell's sketch of Le Moyne D'Iberville, and the magazine's frontispiece is a portrait of Benedict XV. It is a copy in black and white of John F. Kaufman's recent painting of the Holy Father, of which excellent reproductions in color are being sold by Benziger for fifty cents each. The picture is twenty-four by eighteen inches in size, and is very suitable for framing.—Next year's "Catholic Calendar" (\$0.50), with its well-chosen daily quotations from authors who belong, for the most part, to the household of the Faith, has lately been published by the Mt. Carmel Guild, 50 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Whatever profits are made on the Calendar will be used for the charitable work of the Guild.—Some of the most artistic and appropriate Christmas cards there are can be had from the Benedictine nuns of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, South Wales. Dame Catherine Weeks, the community's gifted artist, offers the public a wide choice of designs. From Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, comes their artistic "Impressions Calendar" (\$0.50) for 1915. On each panel, which number fifty-two, are printed helpful lines from a poet or moralist.

The lamentable state of Belgium has inspired Mr. Stuart P. Sherman to write the following sonnet, which is published in the *New York Nation*:

White mouths that clamor for the unreaped wheat,  
Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,  
Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,  
Dispeopled, exiled King: be comforted.  
Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense  
To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships  
In drowning agonies, the fields immense  
Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,  
Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell  
Of world-wide pity, love and chivalry,  
We say the awful sacrifice is well.  
The old law holds; on this new Calvary  
Humanity, uplifted, crucified,  
Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

And the shelling of Reims Cathedral made Katherine Tynan send the *London Tablet* these verses:

Reims is down in fire and smoke,  
The hour of God is at the stroke.  
Round and round the ruined place,  
(Jesu, Mary, give us grace!)  
There are two riders clad in mail  
Silver as the moon pale.  
One is tall as a knight's spear,  
The younger one is lowlier,  
Small and slim and like a maid:  
Steeds and riders cast no shade.  
Who are then these cavaliers?  
There was a sound as Heaven dropped tears.  
Who are these that ride so light,  
Soundless in the flaming light,  
Where Reims burns that was given  
By France to Mary, Queen of Heaven?  
Oh, our Reims, our Reims is down,  
Naught is left of her renown.  
Hist! what sound is on the breeze,  
Like the sighing of forest trees?  
Or a great wind or an army,  
Like the waves of the leaping sea?  
The tall knight rides fierce and fast  
To the sound of a trumpet blast.  
The little knight in fire and flame,  
Slender and soft like a dame,  
Rides and is not far behind,  
Her long hair floats on the wind.  
And e'en the tramp of chivalry  
Comes like the sound of the sea.



This is Michael, rides abroad,  
Prince of the Army of God.  
And this, like a lily arrayed,  
Surely this is Joan, the Blessed Maid.  
*Reims is down in fire and smoke,  
And the hour of God's at the stroke.*

When the best of the poetry the Great War has already evoked and will call forth, is gathered into an anthology, it ought to be a "possession forever."

### BOOKS RECEIVED

- Allyn & Bacon, New York:**  
First Year Science. By William H. Snyder. \$1.25.
- Richard G. Badger, Boston:**  
Modern Lovers. By Viola Meynell. \$1.25.
- Columbia University Press, New York:**  
A Pageant of the XIII Century. Text by John Erskine.
- Devin, Adair Co., New York:**  
Your Pay Envelope. By John R. Meader. \$1.00.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**  
The Unknown Guest. By Maurice Maeterlinck. \$1.50; Patty's Suitors. By Carolyn Wells. \$1.25; The Mason Bees. By J. Henri Fabre. \$1.50; Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.00.
- B. Herder, St. Louis:**  
The Catholic Library. Vol. XV. Down West: Sketches of Irish Life. By Alice Dease. \$0.30; The Gospel of St. John. With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Joseph MacRory, D.D. \$2.25.
- The Macmillan Co., New York:**  
The Juvenile Court and the Community. By Thomas D. Eliot. \$1.25.
- Oxford University Press, New York:**  
Essays. By Matthew Arnold.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**  
France Herself Again. By Ernest Dimnet. \$2.50.
- Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:**  
"And So They Were Married." A Comedy of the New Woman. By Jesse Lynch Williams. \$1.25; The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by E. C. Stedman and Professor G. E. Woodberry. \$2.00.
- Fred'k. Stokes Co., New York:**  
Through Siberia the Land of the Future. By Fridtjof Nansen. \$5.00.
- Joseph F. Wagner, New York:**  
Sermons for the Children's Mass. By Rev. F. Reuter. \$1.00; Short Sermons on the Gospels. By Rev. F. Peppert. \$1.00; The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children. By Rev. M. Parks. \$1.50; Conferences for Boys. By Rev. Reynold Kuehnle. \$1.50.

### EDUCATION

#### His Own Master

*Utendum est tempore cito pede labitur tempus.* We read the inscription on the old gateway, and pass under the arch into the dormitory quadrangle. It is a place of dreams. Dreamy is the golden air, dreamy the gray old walls, a castle of dreams the far hills, asleep in the purple haze of Indian summer. Over the doorways quaint scrolls of Latin twine themselves about the sculptured arms. *Littera sine moribus vana*, the pilgrim reads; *aut inveniemus viam aut faciemus*. Truly there is much good moralizing graven here in silent stone. But the dreams pass, as do all things beautiful, and one awakens to realities when, on drawing near to decipher a moss-covered inscription, *Hic patet ingenuis campus*, one comes upon a living example of an *ingenuus*. He stands in the doorway, his garb a riot of dissonant color. There is a short pipe between his teeth; upon his head a cap, bearing mystic numerals. Desiring closer inspection of the visitor who has strayed into this academic close, a bulldog tugs at his leash. An ill-regulated university, forsooth, where Freshmen may smoke pipes in public unrebuked, and play a straining bulldog at the end of a chain! But even as wisdom is justified of her children, so by this scene is Doctor Fitch, of Andover, justified in the charming picture which he sketched last spring for the undergraduates of Williams College. "College opens," writes the author of "The College Course and the Preparation for Life," "and he, once a schoolboy, now an undergraduate, stands, his own master, at his dormitory door." Sure enough; here he is. We have seen him with these eyes.

#### THE GENUS FRESHMAN

His own master! There is charm in the phrase for all of us, even though we know it is not true. But it flatters old age; and it flatters particularly the callow youth who comes up from the country to partake of the glory that beats about the "college man." Until to-day, when he matriculates, proceeds Dr. Fitch in his explanation of the genus Freshman, "his life has been summed up in terms of a mediatized experience." This is a dreadful and alarming phrase.

("Harold," says the delightful Simeon Strunsky, "do you feel the sacred innocence of childhood brooding in you?")

He was alarmed, but bravely attempted a smile.

"Ah, father!" he said.

I looked at him severely.

"Do you know what I ought to do to you in the name of the New Parenthood?"

"Ah, father!" and his lip trembled.

"You are a disgrace to the Eternal Spark within you," I said.

He lowered his head, and began to cry.

"Go into the next room," I said, "and stand with your face to the corner for ten minutes.")

This parenthesis is merely to show that Terms can be Alarming without meaning much. Let us now rejoin Dr. Fitch. "The keynote of all wholesome boyhood," he instructs us, "is obedience." "Life is known to him only in its accepted and accredited expression." But with the triumphal passing of the Entrance Examinations, life takes on a new aspect. The curtain rises upon a new scene. Or rather, if one accepts Dr. Fitch's view, the old playhouse is darkened forever, and the lights flare up in the College Theatre for a new play, drama or comedy, as the fates may choose to turn the action. With eager hand, Dr. Fitch draws up the synopsis. The four years of college life "contain a maximum of privileges with a minimum of responsibility." They are "years of unparalleled opportunity and extraordinary stimulus." "The college deliberately releases him from the restraints and traditions of a provincial and domestic life. He is given a large measure of leisure and independence to use that leisure as he sees fit." "Above all, these years offer to the youth spiritual and intellectual freedom, the one thing which in the final days of his schooling he did most passionately desire."

#### MISJUDGED REGGIE

Ah, Reggie, Reggie, uncertain of voice, awkward of gait and gesture, how cruelly we parents, we high school teachers, have misjudged you! Madame, take a look at your boy. Your eyes may find him beautiful, your heart may say that never was there such a paragon. But, did you not think, even you, that food and football, and a little cigarette smoking on the sly, and his "crowd" and his chum, and a sneaking fondness for his sister Nancy's fudge, and perhaps, a fondness which betrays itself by being gruffly disowned, for the little girl next door—didn't even you think that these were the main activities of Reggie's venerable years? How dull your eyes, Madame! All the while, the whole being of your child of sixteen winters, was crying aloud for that which he did most passionately desire, "spiritual and intellectual freedom." And you, most purblind masters, I perceive you move uneasily as you listen to Dr. Fitch. You, who in ten years at the desk, have moiled and parried with Reggie and his thousand brothers, what can you say to palliate the cruelty of the sentence you were wont to pass upon him? When Reggie proclaimed, *verbis et re*, that Euclid was a bore, Latin a mistake, and Greek a crime; when Reggie used a "pony" and was caught at it; when Reggie developed strange ailments unknown to the fraternity, yet of sufficient gravity to remove for the nonce his smiling countenance from your range of

vision; what were the hard words that sprang to your unthinking lips? Did you not say most brutally, that Reggie was a "sharker," a trifle, a good-for-nothing; did you not darkly prophesy that he would come to no high place in the Republic of Letters? O, blind generation, why could you not see in your contact with squads of Reggies, that each youth was another Patrick Henry, who, though mute for want of fitting academic language, yet was bursting with inarticulate yearnings for that which he did most passionately desire, *i.e.*, spiritual and intellectual freedom?

#### THE NEW FREEDOM

But happily, Reggie's most passionate desire for freedom, spiritual and intellectual, is gratified to the full in Dr. Fitch's typical college. Yet "even more significant" is the fact that "ideas and convictions are no longer imposed upon him from without. In the critical and neutral atmosphere of the classroom, everything is questioned, nothing is taken for granted." When one recalls the ordinary Freshman of romance and reality, with his fondness for shirking intensive work, and his notorious lack of that independence of judgment which, in the nature of this world, can come only with years of experience with men and affairs, it is difficult to believe that Dr. Fitch wishes to be taken seriously. Père Hardouin, in the seventeenth century, argued acutely that the majority of the classics were the forgeries of thirteenth century monks. Is our Freshman to reopen this question, by pursuing an independent inquiry into the authenticity of Horace, before he will deign to construe his *Macenas atavis*? Is he to regard with distrust Euclid and his hoary axioms, and turn his mighty intellect to test the validity of a geometry of four and, possibly, five dimensions? Will his passion for independent thinking lead him to observe in himself the reactions *usque ad mortem* of strychnine and prussic acid? In the critical atmosphere of the classroom, Dr. Fitch assures us, nothing is to be taken for granted. All this is said with an admirable air of intellectual austerity. In reality, however, Dr. Fitch must know that he is setting a task for his Freshman of seventeen summers, which neither he himself nor any mortal ever attempted. No man, even were he gifted with the sum of the industry and the intellectual gianthood of Aristotle and Aquinas, could review and prove the whole field of human knowledge. Life is not long enough for a religion of inferences, wrote Newman, wearily elaborating a dictum of common sense. Nor is life long enough to allow any individual mind to gather for itself, by independent investigation, a respectable body of information, or the whole truth concerning even one small art or science. "We shall never have done beginning," affirms Newman, "if we determine to begin with proof. We shall ever be laying foundations—we shall never get at our first principles. Resolve to believe nothing, and you must prove your proofs and analyze your elements, sinking further and further, and finding 'in the lowest depth a lower deep' until you come to the broad bosom of skepticism."

#### FINDING HIS SOUL

But Dr. Fitch's idea of what Reggie can bear goes even beyond this. True, he admits that this new wine may be somewhat heady, but it is necessary for Reggie's growth. "No one can carry boys through adolescence into manhood in a perambulator, no decent boy would endure the experience." But there is nothing even faintly reminiscent of the perambulator or the nurse in Dr. Fitch's ideal college.

If the keynote of every good school is obedience, then the keynote of every good college is freedom, freedom to investigate everything for one's self. The boy now is not merely permitted, he is expected, to find his own soul and his own view of life.

Madame (or Sir), take another look at Reggie. Next year you will send him to college. We know he is a fairly good boy. But that is precisely the difficulty; that he is only a boy. To pass unscathed through Dr. Fitch's college, he must needs have the intellectual and moral poise of an archangel. For in the non-Catholic college pictured by the President of Andover, he will be cut loose from "domestic tradition." He will be taught "to question everything, to take nothing for granted," the faith taught by Christ included. Though obedience is the foundation of civilization, he will be told that "freedom," not "obedience," is the "keynote of every good college." Finally, he will be allowed to believe that he is "his own master."

Do you think that this atmosphere will help Reggie to "find his own soul"? that it will make him the son you would wish for your old age? that he will come out of it a better citizen, a truer Catholic?

Is this the college you want for your boy?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

#### SOCIOLOGY

##### A "Don't" for Sociological Workers

Catholic students in non-Catholic schools of sociology are at times referred to the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," edited by William D. P. Bliss and published by Funk & Wagnalls. Beyond doubt the book contains much valuable information, notably in an article on the Church and Social Reform by Dr. William J. Kerby, of the Catholic University. But as a whole, the volume is decidedly unsatisfactory, not only from the historical but from the scientific viewpoint. Of recent years compilers of school histories have been forced to the admission that the Catholic Church has exercised some influence in civilizing Europe. They have begun to realize, faintly, perhaps, the truth of Newman's saying that those who glibly rail against the ignorance of the Church of Rome, are too benighted to be aware that the learned world owes the Bible and the classics to the care of the Church's ignorant sons, the lazy mediæval monks. Writers on sociology have not as yet reached this stage of enlightenment. They, or many of them, are obsessed by the idea that what is now termed social work began with them, and that the part played by the Church during nineteen centuries was, in the main, destructive of the temporal happiness of men and nations.

To note all the faults, negative and positive, of this encyclopedia would serve no good purpose. Briefly, the work does the Church the double injustice of omitting all mention of most of the social work which her children have accomplished, and of misrepresenting, or damning with faint praise, the Catholic factors to which it gives space.

#### SINS OF OMISSION

Let us first consider the facts which the encyclopedia omits. We find no article on St. Benedict, whose venerable monastery at Monte Cassino Gladstone once called the "cradle of European civilization, nor on Francis of Assisi, whose Third Order, as even non-Catholic writers admit, was one of the strongest social forces ever evolved by a single man. It is almost incredible that an "Encyclopedia of Social Reform" furnishes the student with no article on the modern apostle of charity, St. Vincent de Paul. Justinian, Charlemagne, Nicholas of Cusa and St. John de Matha are mentioned "incidentally." Frederick Ozanam, founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, is not deemed worthy of special treatment. Lacordaire and Windthorst are passed over in silence. Lamennais, who left the Church, is honored with a special article, but de Maistre and de Mun, who remained true to her, are ignored. Among German social



leaders, Huber and Stocker get more space than Bishop von Ketteler, while Father Kolping, the founder of the Gesellenverein, is not even mentioned. Father Mathew is omitted, and the space thus saved is devoted to a relatively insignificant temperance worker named Murphy. Why is no credit given to the great social work of the various religious orders? Why is there no mention of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the many communities of the Sisters of Charity? It is obvious that the great social services of the religious orders of the Church are treated with something very like contempt.

Compare the vast achievements of the monks of St. Benedict, embracing nations and extending through centuries, with the influence of a present-day social settlement. Of the former, nothing is said. Some of these settlements, however, have pages devoted to them. Even the Chicago Anarchists monopolize six columns. In anything like a just proportion of space, the work of the Benedictines should cover twenty or more pages, while the Chicago Anarchists, if mentioned at all, should be dealt with in a few lines. To show the absolute want of proportion in this matter, it is sufficient to state that more space is given to Chicago and Chicago Anarchists than to the entire social work of the Catholic Church for nineteen centuries. In fact the editor, a retired minister and a Socialist, seems supinely ignorant of social work of past ages. The only facts worthy of recording seemed to revolve around the narrow circle of his own limited vision.

#### SINS OF COMMISSION

Let us come to the sins of commission. Not a single important article that touches the Church can be relied upon. It is simply a waste of time to go to this encyclopedia for any subject even distantly related to the Catholic Church. The articles on divorce, on education, on the family, on woman and on crime are inaccurate, and often hostile to Catholic teaching. In these accounts will be found many of the old lies and calumnies against the Church. We select but a single example. In the article, "Woman's Position," on page 1295, we read:

The influence of monasticism and asceticism on the ordinary life of a woman was almost wholly bad. To conceive of marriage as a sin was to give it over to sin. The terrible reactions of asceticism and the corruption developed by monasticism are well known. Nevertheless the nunneries did enable some women to escape the violence of the times and develop saintly lives. In connection with this was the development of Mariolatry. The worship of the Virgin has probably more connection with the romantic and partly sensuous ideas of medieval chivalry than all writers are willing to admit.

So much for the Catholics who considered marriage a sin and worshiped the Virgin. What must be thought of the ignorant contributor who writes such nonsense, of the editor-in-chief who approves it, and publishers who print it?

On the same page we read of the glorious achievements of Protestantism in behalf of woman:

The effect of the Protestant Reformation on the social status of woman was undoubtedly good, though not an un-mixed good. Its greatest effect in this respect was to condemn celibacy, the false praise of virginity, and the condemnation of marriage. Second only to this was its effect in freeing woman from the subjection to the confessor and the priest. The sanctity of married life, the inviolability of the home, are almost distinctly Protestant conceptions.

Pages might be filled with extracts equally untrue, equally insulting. It is some consolation, however, to know that the writer of these lines is a violent suffragette. But we would ask: Why did the editor and the publisher allow such irresponsible and unqualified creatures to contribute articles to an "encyclopedia"?

Students who wish to know the truth about the Catholic Church and social reform should not consult the "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," edited by William D. P. Bliss and published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Loyola University, Chicago.

HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

Father Bernard Vaughan has undertaken the task of issuing a Flemish newspaper for the refugees in England. At present *De Stem België* (The Voice of Belgium) is issued once a week, but Father Vaughan hopes soon to make it a bi-weekly. "I can conceive of no better means of keeping up the courage and spirits of our unfortunate guests from Belgium," writes Father Vaughan, "than the circulation among them of a paper which will appeal to their domestic, social, patriotic and religious instincts." It is said that there are in London alone nearly seventy thousand Belgians who neither speak nor understand English. A paper in their own language will be a great boon to the refugees, although if it contains as little real news from the Continent as the *London Times*, for example, it will not be particularly enlightening.

Within the present year, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran and Episcopalian clergymen, have spoken on the danger of irreligious schools. In some sections of the country, Lutheran parochial schools flourish, and the Episcopalians have a few schools and colleges in which religion is taught. The other religious bodies, unmindful of the warning given by some of their leaders, seem content to put up with the present non-religious, which in practice is irreligious, system of schools. In the current "American Jewish Year Book," Dr. J. H. Greenstone writes that more than two-thirds of the future American Jews "are allowed to grow up outside the sphere of any religious influence or guidance." London, with an estimated Jewish population of 150,000, provides religious instruction for nearly 25,000 children. New York, with a far larger population, cares for scarcely one-fifth of that number. The present annual expenditure for elementary Jewish education in the United States is estimated at something more than \$1,000,000.00. If all children of school age are to be reached, Dr. Greenstone calculates that, at a minimum rate of \$8.00 yearly, an annual expenditure of \$3,200,000.00 will be required. The New York Kehillah (Jewish Congregation) established a bureau of education in 1910, and has been laboring with some success to further religious education. But progress has been slow.

To a certain extent, one may look indulgently upon the doddering zoophily of *Our Dumb Animals*. But that periodical as a teacher of Scripture and Church History is intolerable. On the first page of the November issue, the Rev. A. A. Berle, D.D. is permitted to utter, among other inanities, two supremely foolish statements. The first is, that there is absolutely no evidence that Christ ever taught dogma, or required the acceptance of dogma for membership in His Church. In reply, it may be submitted that Dr. Berle's very assumption that Christ founded a Church to which we must submit is a dogma. Next, Dr. Berle's attention may be drawn to the scriptural fact, that Christ promised damnation to all who refused belief to His teaching and to the teaching of the Apostles. This is a fair proof that the acceptance of dogma is necessary for fellowship with Christ, and eternal salvation. Dr. Berle's second statement is that the catastrophe of Christianity was wrought by the Council of Nicea in the year 325 A. D. Dr. Berle's nicety in adding "A. D." is superfluous. There were no councils of Christian bishops before the coming of Christ. Again Dr.

Berle's attention is drawn to Christ's promise to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world. Possibly Dr. Berle's reading of the text is "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the year 325 A. D." One notes with grief that Dr. Berle writes "D.D." after his name. The proposed investigation of the theological schools by the Carnegie Foundation is indeed greatly needed.

A social force of great importance was given definite shape in New York recently, when the Catholic "Big Brother Movement" was organized under the name of "The Catholic Boys' Protective League." Delegates from the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society, the Laymens' Retreat League, and other societies, were present at the meeting. The work will be carried on under the able supervision of the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, and in order to reach all neglected or delinquent boys, the city will be divided into districts, each with its chairman and committee. A League of this kind, aiming mainly at preventive work among boys, will do an immense amount of good. The plan has been tried with considerable success under Catholic auspices in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and a few other cities. It should be put into effect, and at once, in every city of any size in the country. Everywhere neglected Catholic children are being consigned to non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic guardianship. Juvenile court judges, as a rule, are not inclined to be unfair to Catholic interests. But if Catholics take no interest in Catholic strays, providing neither homes nor guardians for them, the juvenile court authorities have no choice but to commit the child to a non-Catholic institution or guardianship. This is not unfairness on the part of the judge. He is merely following the provisions of the law. It is a shameful, and sometimes a criminal, negligence on the part of the Catholics of the community.

Representatives from the alumnae associations of a hundred Catholic colleges and academies met in New York on November 27, for the purpose of forming a National Alumnae Association. The object of the Association is "to unite the alumnae of our colleges and academies for the purpose of constituting a moral, religious and social force."

We plan to serve our schools by making possible an interchange of ideas; to compile a complete descriptive catalogue of Catholic schools, to establish an eligible list of Catholic normal graduates, to strengthen the social life of our alumnae associations, and to encourage the reading of the Catholic press.

The Association is undertaking a great and much-needed work. The good which can be done by a group of Catholic women in each community, who will take a firm stand against the paganism of prevailing popular opinion, is beyond calculation. As has been pointed out more than once in the columns of AMERICA, Catholic women, for the most part, have held aloof from the various clubs and societies which have been formed within recent years for the purpose of influencing public opinion. Considering the tone and purpose of the majority of these societies, no other course was open to them. In the society planned by the National Alumnae Association, these objectionable features will, of course, be absent. The movement has the approbation of their Eminences, the three American Cardinals.

It was not so long ago that the Belgian Catholic was considered in American public opinion or, at least, in that section of public opinion represented by the press as a brainless sort of clod, good enough perhaps for priest-ridden Belgium, but by no means desirable as an American citizen. The events

of the last few months have changed that view. Albert is spoken of as the bravest King in Europe, and Americans are learning that Belgium has an art and a literature, too, perhaps, which America probably never will equal. Belgium, her King and her people, have been recognized by the modern world. Clippings taken from newspapers in six different States indicate this changed feeling. Should the war make migration necessary, the Belgians will find a warm welcome in this country. "We want farmers who know their business as thoroughly as do the farmers of Belgium," says the *Charlestown News*: "The present looks like an opportunity to get immigrants of a particularly desirable kind." "The Belgians are the best gardeners in the world," is the opinion of the *Knoxville Sentinel*. "They would be a great acquisition to Tennessee or any part of the South." "We need just this type of people," adds the *Baltimore Sun*. "Not only would these unfortunate but extremely worthy people make good citizens," writes the *New Orleans States*, "but they would become wealth-producers, both for themselves and the State. We hope Louisiana gets her share." "There are few people in the world with greater thrift, industry and skill than the Belgians," says the *Dubuque Telegraph*. "They will teach native-born Americans much in agriculture that can not be learned from books, and in the industries and sciences they will be equally welcome." The *Birmingham Age-Herald* notes that California and Minnesota are offering inducements to the Belgians to settle among them, and adds, "The Belgians are thrifty, industrious and law-abiding. In fact, they seem to have practically all the virtues and none of the faults of citizens." This praise, which is not at all exaggerated, must be very gratifying to those Belgians who hear it. But it is to be hoped that, as far as possible, the Belgians will remain at home. Whatever the outcome of the war, their country needs them.

The following letter, addressed to the editor, recently appeared in a modest corner of a Philadelphia newspaper:

To the Editor:

It would be superfluous for me to say that the entire nation looks with approval upon your efforts in behalf of Belgium. I would, however, bespeak your aid—material as well as editorial—for some victims nearer home, and with an appeal to not only our heartstrings, but to our very sense of shame and common decency, viz.: to the outraged priests and nuns of Mexico.

Surely the American people can not know of what is occurring in Mexico, otherwise they—Protestant, Jew, infidel and Catholic—would enter such a protest at Washington as would be felt in Mexico.

Even in poor Belgium we do not hear of such beastly crimes against innocent, pure women, as is of record in Mexico. The United States has aided and abetted those incarnate devils, Villa, Villareal and his following, but for the United States no such orgies—outdoing those of the French Revolution—would or could have happened in Mexico. Can we now look on with indifference upon not ordinary offences, but crimes that cry to heaven and to every decent man's heart for punishment?

I send you a marked copy of the *Casket*, telling of these horrors in Mexico. Will you kindly do something to lay before the world what is doing there?

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 10.

D. A. WEBB.

Perhaps, in the editor's judgment, the limits of toleration were passed by the insertion of this appeal; for, as yet, he has not seen fit to "do something to lay before the world what is doing there." A correspondent suggests that Catholic societies frankly buy advertising space in the daily papers, to bring these horrors, for which the American Government is largely responsible, to the notice of the American people. That this seems to be the only practical way for Catholics to obtain a hearing, is a sad commentary on the American newspaper's boasted "fair-mindedness."